



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

TWO ladies consulted me the other day with regard to my understanding of the Unpardonable Sin. I do not know whether being consulted as an expert with regard to sins, particularly with regard to unpardonable sins, is to be taken as a compliment, but under the circumstances I shall venture to invade the realm of theology to the extent of giving my own personal opinion with regard to sins unpardonable and otherwise.

Whoever invented sin was certainly an expert, for, so far as I have been able to discover, nothing new in the shape of vice, lust, or wickedness of any sort has been introduced to the public notice for so many centuries that we can fairly consider sin in all its phases as a thing which was created contemporaneously with mankind. To sin against the Holy Ghost is, theologically speaking, the Unpardonable Sin. "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation."—Mark iii. 29. Corresponding passages occur in Matthew and Luke. I have groped in vain for the exact meaning, extent or possibility of a sin against the Holy Ghost. This is not wonderful, because while all of those who accept the Trinity, myself included, approve of the doctrine of a Triune Being, without all being able to define either God the Father, God the Son or God the Holy Ghost, we leave to perhaps unexplored imaginations such a picture as the finite mind can conjure up with regard to an Infinite Triune Personage. It is pretty hard to even get such an abstraction of a God-Personage that we can hold to it as a thing in which we believe, but those who are wise simply decide that the moral and spiritual impulse which must have some object of worship, should be satisfied with a very indefinite materialization of Deity. Coming up thus carefully to an infinite topic, which doubtless interests us too little, we scan the horizon in vain for a sin which is unforgivable by the God who created us coeval with sin.

Side by side with Calvinism, which teaches that we were born to be damned or born to be saved, is this doctrine of something which inadvertently, perhaps, we may do, which may be registered in heaven as the Unpardonable Sin. It may be that blasphemy against the Holy Ghost is this sin. Theologically, I believe it was, or is, held to be such. But what is blasphemy against the Holy Ghost?—as I dictate these lines I naturally drop my voice for fear that even talking about it may be the thing itself. Is it a denial of a complete understanding of what may be the function of this Element of the Trinity? I have discussed all features of theology which occur in the ordinary round of journalism, but I never came up against this before, and would not now, only that a friend of the two ladies who talked to me is on a speedy journey to the madhouse because she thinks she has committed the Unpardonable Sin, whatever it is. I would not send them or her to a clergyman, because I do not think that the average clergyman dare try to hold in his hand, as I have tried to hold in view before my readers, the whole situation. I do not understand the Holy Ghost, and I have not the slightest conception of what blasphemy against the Holy Ghost may be, but I think that if the phrase means more than a condition which is hateful of God and to God, it would have been more exactly defined. But I am quite sure this poor woman, from a purely theological point of view, has never blasphemed against either the Holy Ghost or anybody else, nor is she so perversely hateful of Divine things as to attribute evil to God when He meant good, thus charging Him with being the Devil, as one theologian puts it.

I think the nearest approach to the Unpardonable Sin is ingratitude, a forgetfulness of favors received, and the inclination to abuse those who have been kindest to us. I know in my own perhaps coarse and unregenerate nature I can forgive anything except the wicked and, it seems to me, devilish impulse to destroy a friend, to render evil for good, and to destroy the one who has undertaken a friendly task, even if paid with a full measure of reciprocity, the helping of another.

Let us whisper, I do not believe there is any Unpardonable Sin. I do not believe God, or Christ, or the Holy Ghost, is or are so constituted that an inadvertent or ignorant action, suggestion or line of conduct is unpardonable, because, without any doubt, it was undertaken, more or less, because the person undertaking it could not do anything else. I do not believe in Calvinism, because no man who is a man, or woman who is a woman, even in hell, tamely would submit to endless torment because they were damned for something they could not do or could not help doing. Naturally, they would pound on the sooty doors which confined them to torment, and beat the hinges of hell with their shovels and cry, "Unjust, unjust." I imagine, too, that anyone condemned for the Unpardonable Sin who does not know any more than I do, or anybody that I ever discovered knows, what the Unpardonable Sin is, would have such a good case with which to go up against the Supreme Court of Eternity that a conviction would not follow. How like a lot of little shrinking children we are when we approach a topic of this sort! How fearful we are that we may speak a word which may put us in the damnation box. I do not think it is right. Thinking it all over, and believing that I know the Bible as well as the average person, and being aware that I have a knowledge of theological points which is given to few except those who make a special study of them, I cannot see where the ordinary man or woman can be reasonably held up for sentence on any Unpardonable Sin prosecution.

If we admit that the Unpardonable Sin is a condition rather than an act, and if, as it is not difficult to understand, unpardonable sinfulness is a condition of mind and body where one refuses to be bettered by a Saviour or a doctor, or anyone else, I believe that we get to the only satisfactory solution of the incurable wrongness. There are incurable diseases, such as syphilis, consumption, cancer. These things are contracted or inherited, or are bred in the system, and we see our finish when we know that they have taken hold of us. In the first instance, it is more than possible that the disease may be the fault of the one contracting it, but not so in consumption and cancer. People get tuberculosis, or the germ of something that will eat out a vital part, quite unconsciously, and perhaps blamelessly, but we cannot argue out any of these things. Tuberculosis, of course, is not the terrible disease that it once was, but cancer is a terrible evil that no doctor seems able to cure, but which some day may yield to treatment. However, supposing there is a little group of incurables, what are we going to do about them? Would it be wise to go crazy for fear we will get one of them? I think it is much more rational, and more within the sphere of God's goodness, to believe that we will be healthy and die at an appropriate time, and of a disease which will not puzzle our friends.

It is quite possible that there is an incurable moral sin, but why should we fret about it, or fear that we may commit it inadvertently? Nine out of ten women believe they will die of cancer of the breast, and not one out of a thousand does die of it. A great majority of men feel that they are likely to wither at the top, and to lose their sanity before they lose their strength, yet it is only one in thousands who dies this way. It is, without doubt, a wise proposition to cling to the idea that we do not know how we will die,

and do not know how we will live, but the whole business, left in the hands of a munificent Providence, will be properly attended to, unless we are guilty of some great folly of which we are specifically culpable. Incurable diseases and death itself come to us we know not how, but it matters but a trifle whether we live forty years or seventy years; the extra years are but the flip of a copper, and many of those who die before they are fifty get much more out of life than those who die at ninety. Those who fret about the incurableness of anything they have the matter with them, whether it be moral, spiritual or physical, are wasting the few months they have on earth, and are probably not bettering the position they will occupy hereafter.

I may have sinned against the Holy Spirit, but I am not an Indian, to follow the mysterious Manitou and reckon my chances of reaching the Happy Hunting Grounds on any basis of accepting all sorts of superstitions and going through with motions which I cannot comprehend. If I write any more I think I will possibly get inextricably involved in a topic which no human being can possibly explain. If I made the effort to explain it, probably I would accompany the lady to the crazy-house. I think it is best for us to leave all these things alone; they are doubtless too sacred and difficult for us to discuss. Meanwhile, I hope my two lady friends will console their unhappy sister who is undergoing mental trouble, with the little verse which I have and hold as my whole religious declaration of faith:

"Our entrance into life is naked and bare."



HON. M. E. BERNIER.

SIR HENRI JOLY'S SUCCESSOR AS MINISTER OF INLAND REVENUE.

Our progress through it is trouble and care,  
Our exit out of it we know not where,  
But if we do well here, we'll do well there."

A WOMAN who is pretty, and whose skirts rustle, and who looks at you enquiringly as she sits down, is a different sort of person from the one who drops into a seat and turns her back and appears resentful that there is anybody in the same neighborhood. As she sat down, my friend heard the rustle, and apparently saw the smile, and was willing to sacrifice my society for hers at once. He said it was a hot day. She agreed with him, and later on admitted that things were dry enough to burn. He suggested lemonade; he is not the sort of man that will let anyone go thirsty. She swished back to her seat, and I had an opportunity of hearing a conversation which, if not intellectual, was probably the sort of thing that young women think is clever. I was reading a book, and only caught such fragments as were more interesting than the pages in my lap. "His name was Mackenzie. Did you ever know anybody by the name of Mackenzie? He boarded with my mother. He was a perfect gent. Funny, isn't it, how some people are gentle and others aren't? He wore silk underclothes and cleaned his teeth twice a day. I know for a fact that he gave fifty cents every Sunday to the Church. He was a Presbyterian. He must have brought me candies more than fifty times. Mackenzie isn't a nice name, is it? He was awfully good to his mother. I know once he sent her five dollars. Don't think I'm gone on Mackenzie; I'm not; I think he is a crank. He would have had me blackening his boots if I'd stood for it. Yes, I don't mind if I do have another. It's hot enough to burn, isn't it?"

I do not often listen, but when I see a pretty girl talking to somebody I know and an half inserted into the company, I cannot help but hear. What are the girls thinking about, to talk in this loose and silly manner? Can even the most poorly-taught girl from our Public schools not know that a woman has no business to sit down with perfect strangers on a steamer or in a park, and start a conversation, or that she loses all the advantage of her sex and garments by permitting a stranger to buy her lemonades? And she gets still further away from the dignity and the advantage that her good looks give her when she starts talking about Mr. Mackenzie and her mother's boarding-house, what Mr. Mackenzie wore, and the frequency with which he cleaned his teeth. There is nothing more to say

about this subject, except that very unobtrusive people sometimes have ears which are filled with fool-talk, and who may meet the woman when she gets older and has found some sensible man who, unlike Mr. Mackenzie, may not wear silk underclothes, but who would not like to have his wife doing the descriptive act in a public place.

THE nomination of McKinley and Roosevelt indicates that the Republican party intends to keep up the tariff and to keep down the striker. Four years ago I ventured the prophecy that the standing army of the United States would be changed from 25,000 to 100,000, and that under the management of Mr. Mark Hanna the Republican party would develop into an autocracy which would have Trusts as its basis, the making of money for a few people as its object, and a standing army as its implement. The incident of the Spanish war, the annexation of the islands, and the general expansion policy of the people of the United States, justified my belief that when Mark Hanna, the author of the McKinley regime, and the inventor of the extraordinary policy of the United States, assumed power, the death-blow was struck to the real democracy of the country to the south of us, which has always been the cradle of the best things which the people have been able to offer the world over. The development of the Government into a plutocracy, the fact that the United States of America is nothing now but a rich man's trust, and that McKinley stands as the figurehead of an extraordinary aggregation of men who propose to control this continent on the basis of

The result will largely depend upon the politics of the men most largely concerned, and upon the conduct of the governments which have been willing to lend their influence to these men. In the United States and in Canada both, the result may be deferred, but the inevitable cannot be avoided beyond the point of where the ordinary thinker comprehends the combination and prepares, under all circumstances, and without regard to politics, to defeat all such machinations.

EMERSON showed pretty conclusively that the law of compensation was universal in its application, and at this season the thought suggests itself that the man whose family goes out of town and leaves him to the tender mercies of restaurant cooks, or the delights of "baching it," often has experiences which, for downright fun, discount those of the summer resorts. A great deal of the pleasure of life depends on a sense of humor, and of course the man who is left at home, if he would keep from making himself miserable, must be able to enjoy the laugh when it is on himself as well as when it is on some other fellow. The ones who go away to the seashore, or Muskoka, or Europe, do not have all the opportunities for sport. There are a few of these reserved for those whose duties or interests keep them in the city. I am not suggesting that married men and the fathers of families ought to indulge in what is known as "a high old time" while the family's back is turned. I merely wish to point out that if those who have to eat cold "vittles" and sleep on a sofa, in order that the family may have a pleasant summer, will but take things philosophically and keep their eyes open for the humorous side of the experience, they may be able to have such a jolly time that the absentees on their return will wish, for more reasons than one, that they had stayed at home too.

A MINISTERIAL speaker at the recent Methodist Conference, in the debate on the indecent posters which are alleged to be a feature of the theatrical business in this city, was reported by all the daily papers to have said that there were girls in Toronto who were spending \$10 out of their monthly wages of \$14 in going to theaters. The same gentleman went on to say: "So far as this city was concerned, by the thousand the young people were going out on their bicycles until Sunday ceased to be the beautiful and holy day it was in this city five or six years ago." If it is true that posters of an indecent character are put up in Toronto, as alleged in ex-Mayor Kennedy's resolution, the offence cannot be too promptly put down. But it is difficult to see the bearing upon this question of the clerical gentleman's statements about the expenditure of shop and factory girls upon theater-going, and his references to Sunday bicycling. I do not believe there are girls in Toronto who earn only \$14 a month and spend \$10 on theater-going. Ten dollars per month means, roughly speaking, \$2.50 per week. Unless a girl occupied good seats and went to almost every show that came along, she could not spend \$2.50 per week on theater-going. Girls who are earning only \$14 a month are not of a class who are likely to demand seats in the choicest parts of the house, and except in the case of some peculiarly first-class attraction, very good seats indeed can be had for twenty-five to fifty cents. No girl who is dependent for her living on \$14 per month could surely be fool enough to imagine she could afford to spend \$10 of the amount on theater-going. To do so she would require to have a considerable income from some other source. If this additional income is acquired in a reputable manner, and is sufficient to support theater-going on such a scale as the reverend gentleman's figures imply, it is, in the first place, nobody's business what portion of it is spent on theatrical amusements, and in the second place it is not accurate to say that the owner spends \$10 per month out of only \$14 income. If the reverend gentleman means that girls who earn only \$14 a month spend nearly all of it in going to theaters for improper additional gain, or are attracted thither by a motive which indecent posters might supply, he has, perhaps unwittingly, labelled every shop, factory or office girl who considers it legitimate to have a little cheap relaxation in the theaters even at the expense of a somewhat slender income. Nobody would seek to justify extravagant indulgence in pleasure by those who require money for more pressing needs. But a minister should feel it incumbent upon him not to exaggerate, and also to be aware of casting aspersions on the morals of girls who are perhaps just as virtuous as the average parson, and who probably honestly earn whatever they spend.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, who is probably the most irrepressible crank in America, is publishing a newspaper somewhere out west, of which the motto is "Everything is worth having; nothing is worth worrying about." Sometimes these people, who seem to forget the whole earth, and talk as if they were living in space with no one to hear them but people who had nothing to do but flit around in the air and disregard public opinion, come nearer a right understanding of what the world is doing than those of us who are industriously trying to make a living. George Francis Train talks as one would expect to hear an inmate of a madhouse talk, yet he says many good things, and it is a conundrum whether he is not nearer right than some of the people who are talking for money, or influence, or votes, or circulation for a newspaper. I remember once when this man did me a very considerable favor, but I cannot remember when he did not exist and talk as if he were the earth and the fulness thereof. Of his paper, which is evidently intended to destroy the existing condition of things, I have no notice to publish, but for the peculiar old man himself I have only to say that he never was caught trying to do a wrong thing. He is a crank of the first water, but he is one of the few men who try to do right at their own expense.

TO "Don"—Your page is more than usually attractive this week. You quote facts and figures in one column to show reason for the existence of church absentees, and unconsciously—or otherwise, I don't know which—you give us, in another place, a very plain reason. The human race, like anything else let loose, will travel along the line of least resistance.

I speak for myself when I say that if attending church will make me a godly man, will show me how to live better and more decently, will afford me, in fact, any kind of "a pull," smooth my way generally, then to church I go. If I can gain none of these, however, why shall I waste precious time by spending it resentfully in a church pew?

Mr. Beverley Jones will have done more for the Anglican Church in Toronto than the whole Synod recently assembled if he succeeds in bringing the Rectory Lands Committee to act with justice and mercy in the matter of ground rentals. Imagine one of these overburdened tenants—and no one will dispute their condition—wending his way Sunday morning to St. James' to thank God for all His mercies and a free Gospel, when he knows Monday's business worry will be increased by the receipt of an exorbitant "ground rent to date" statement from His ministers.

"Business is business" certainly, and no one will deny



the Church its rights in this respect; but why be more Shylockian than necessary, and coldly agree for blood as well as flesh?

If you rent or lease from a straight business concern, and owing to change of times or fortune find you can no longer manage to carry your liability, the representative manager of the Company is at least discoverable and approachable, so that your case can be stated and understood, and reductions and concessions are often made after due deliberation. This Synod concern, however, is unsearchable to the complainant, because what is everybody's business is nobody's business, and a veritable circumlocution office blocks the way to redress. Would it not have been more in accord with Christian profession if it were known to site seekers that these Church grounds were the best in the market because of the leniency with which tenants were treated at all times? But no; the hardest landlord of all is the rackrenting Church. For a fact, if notoriety for decency had been established by the Church, the present desertion of the vicinity would doubtless not have taken place.

The Church that affords no better example; its Synod that has the unparalleled nerve to shelve such a subject, to burk enquiry, to actually let pass unnoticed the terrible accusation, brought, too, by one of its own, a worthy citizen, an honorable gentleman, whose word would pass unchallenged in any respectable community, that Church can do me no good, because its members don't know how to behave as decently as I do myself.

The Methodist Conference discusses the Church-detracting tendency of the bicycle. I've tried both Church and bicycle, and I can affirm that, given a fair Sunday morning, a hearty breakfast, a ride through High Park knocks going to church out of the question, and makes me a better man into the bargain. When such pleasures can be shown to emanate without intention of wickedness, and to be taken without sin or wantonness, then Christian churches have dangerous rivals in these things.

When good living and righteousness can be obtained in a simple, harmless, and at the same time pleasant way, church-going for the purpose of salvation is at an end, it only being a matter of time when it will actually fall into disrepute, if, on the one hand, the Church refuses to "act on the square," and, on the other, people gain sufficient courage to demonstrate to themselves how good they can be by staying away from the sanctuary.

Just as the "Boxers" have brought on their country what thinkers and statesmen have worried over in vain for centuries, so will the Church, or any other concern, for that matter, bring on its own disintegration, if unmindful of common decencies; for I consider the devouring of widows' portions to be a very indecent proceeding. KNOCKER.

It is a surprising thing to learn from the "Telegram's" London correspondent that Canadians invalidated to English hospitals from South Africa are "without funds to keep body and soul together," and are compelled to accept charity for incidental expenses. That a writer in a British paper, the Liverpool "Daily Post," should deem it necessary to make an appeal to the already overburdened public of the Mother Country for contributions to assist convalescing Canadians, and should be able to back up his case with such incidents as he mentions, cannot be otherwise than discrediting to this country, especially after so many unnecessary appeals in behalf of the fire sufferers and other colonial famines. What, under heaven, is the Canadian Patriotic Fund for, if it is not to provide for just such emergency cases as these, which appear to have been forced on the British public as occasions for charity? An immense sum of money has been gathered here for the use of Canadians sent to Africa, and those dependent on them, and it is somewhat puzzling to the lay mind to know why this money is apparently not being spent where there is certainly urgent need for it.

ONE of the remarkable successes of Canadians, during the recent unpleasantness in South Africa, is that of Mr. William Robins' address, entitled "The Truth About the Transvaal." The brief and clearly cut statement of Mr. Robins has attracted the attention of not only the people in South Africa, and throughout the British Empire, but that of some of the greatest diplomatists who have had to do with the protracted and somewhat unpleasant affair now closing. A hundred copies were sent to South Africa of Mr. Robins' address, and immediately a thousand more were ordered. The same is true of a few copies which were sent to England, and letters which I have in my possession indicate that in the highest positions of diplomacy the work has been appreciated, and enquirers who have asked for the facts have been supplied with copies of Mr. Robins' address. Mr. Tyrrell still has these for sale in Toronto, for the benefit of the Canadian Patriotic Fund, and I hope that further enquiries will be directed to him, as "Saturday Night" has had rather a busy season directing those who wish to procure this unadvised work from the proper sources. Mr. Robins has received in the matter of his publication, and the request of Mrs. Arnold-Foster, Hon. Secretary of the Liberal Unionist Club, to publish the address in cheap form for general distribution, is a great compliment to a Canadian who poses neither as a literary man nor an historian, though he seems to have made something of a name as both.

#### Social and Personal.

On Saturday last, June 23, Mr. Charles Christopher Riddon, son of Mr. Charles Riddon, and Miss Amy Louise Patterson, daughter of the late Rev. Charles Patterson, were married in St. Thomas' church, St. Catharines, in the presence of a very smart company of relatives and invited guests. The Bishop of Niagara, the uncle of the bride, Rev. John Patterson, and Rev. N. J. Perry, took part in the marriage ceremony. Mr. Harry Patterson, of Toronto, led in the bride, and gave her away. The church was beautifully decorated, the flower of the week, Marguerites, being chosen, with ferns and myrtle. Miss Patterson's gown was of white satin, with guimpe and sleeves of tucked tulle; tulle veil and orange blossoms, and a bouquet of lily of the valley, completed a charming toilet. The bridegroom and Mr. John Riddon gave her a pair of diamond stars, which were her ornaments. Miss Lillian Patterson was maid of honor, Miss Susie Patterson and Miss Kathleen Riddon were bridesmaids, all dressed alike in white organdie over green silk, with leghorn hats and pink roses, their bouquets being of the same flowers. They were pearl stars, the gift of the groom. Mr. J. R. Bunting was best man, and Messrs. J. Douglas, J. D. Falconbridge, T. S. Chatterton and E. C. Poussette were ushers. A reception and dejeuner was given at the residence of the bride's mother, where the decorations and every detail were all perfectly done, and where Mr. and Mrs. Carl Riddon received warm congratulations and good wishes. Quite a number of Toronto people went over for the wedding, and St. Catharines' smart set was completely represented.

On Saturday last, some persons had a busy day. The Crossthwaite-Williams wedding and reception, Miss Veal's closing garden tea, Mrs. Neville's closing reception, the garden party at Spadina, the garden party at the Western Hospital, and a celebration of a silver wedding in later evening, were some of the events within the city limits. There were also had a dozen picnics to the Humber and High Park, the usual pilgrims to the Hunt Club, where Mr. Arthur Guise, that delightful Irishman, was made much of, and a couple of small dinners given by Islanders in honor of visiting fair ones. Even the out-of-date bicycle party was resurrected, and a bicycle tea was a great success. Taken as a whole, Saturday was filled up in good style.

Mr. and Mrs. Dunnet celebrated their silver wedding in a way which, as a shining example, takes the very first place. Twenty-five years of married life, which one glance at the beaming faces of the quarter-century bride and groom

would assure anyone had been happy and harmonious, were finished by a happy time which not only included the informally entertained friends who dropped in in large numbers to offer good wishes during the evening, but old and young, sick and well, little children and bed-ridden folk, all over the city of Toronto. Twenty-five cheques of twenty-five dollars each were sent in advance to twenty-five charities hereabouts, and a good time in celebration of Mr. and Mrs. Dunnet's anniversary came to many a lonely or helpless soul, weaving a silver thread of happiness into their grey lives. It is a pity that the pleasure given cannot be duly estimated and contrasted with that enjoyed by a fashionable gathering and consequent display and expense on a like occasion. Mr. Dunnet gave to his amiable little lady a beautiful tea service of sterling silver, and an additional gift which raised much mirth, a silver medal on the pattern of that presented to the long-service men who have an unbroken record of good conduct and staunch courage as soldiers of the Queen. A good wife evidently is properly appreciated once in a while. Mr. and Mrs. Dunnet have the most cordial good-wishes from everyone for the future, even to the day when a gold medal will be in order for a fifty years' bride, though if the generous bridegroom duplicates his gifts on those lines, there will be a doctor next morning in request at the old people's and small people's bedsides in the various Homes.

Mrs. Albert Austin received an immense party of guests on the beautiful lawn of "Spadina," on Saturday afternoon, and weather, guests and good cheer agreed so well that it was pretty late before the June twilight gathered round the deserted plateau, lately crowded and brilliant with smart humanity. Mrs. Austin wore an airy white gown, embroidered lightly in black, and a black toque. Mrs. Harold Jarvis, of Buffalo, her sister, assisted, and so did Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. Victor Cawthra, Mrs. Greene, and Miss Arthurs, not forgetting Great-grandmother Austin, who held a little court on the verandah, and Baby Dorothy Greene, fourth generation removed, who had a bunch of tiny girls to chum with, under "Nursie's" care on the steps. Mr. Austin, Mr. Cawthra, and Mr. Sydney Greene set a good example to the scores of men who turned out at this delightful garden party, and everyone found gallants awaiting to administer plentiful good things, liquid and solid. The band of the 48th Highlanders, under Mr. Slater, played extra well, and achieved the impossible feat of compelling the most earnest gabblers to listen to some of their choicest morceaux. The refreshment tables were beautifully done in pink and yellow, respectively, peonies in an immense basket tied with wide satin ribbons, and daisies, with yellow ribbons, being used. All the smart people in town, and quite a number of guests from other cities, with a jolly little party from the wedding reception at Mr. Mann's, were at this tea.

Mrs. Wolferstan Thomas and her children have gone to Europe. Miss Kathleen O'Hara was an admired guest at the R.M.C. dance at Kingston last Friday week. By the way, that was a great account I heard of the festivities, that at 4 a.m. the lights were turned out, and the dance went on by daylight. Mrs. Henry Sanford, nee Willmott, of Newcastle, was in town this week, stopping at the Queen's. Miss Jean Milne, niece of Mrs. Robert Smith, arrived from England on Monday, and is to spend some time in Toronto. Mrs. Krell is stopping at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake. On Wednesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Bogert, and a party of friends dined at Hotel Hanlan, and enjoyed a cool, delightful evening afterwards. The hotel and grounds are looking very fresh and pretty, and the Toronto people who want a healthful change should spend some of the warm weather over there. Its accessibility is perhaps one of the reasons one does not seriously consider our pretty Hotel Hanlan as a summer resort.

Lieut.-Colonel Clarence Denison and the officers of the Governor-General's Body Guard, who are under canvas at Lambton Mills, held the regimental sports yesterday. A number of invitations were sent to Toronto friends and admirers of this smart cavalry corps.

Miss Veal's garden tea on Saturday was largely attended and most enjoyable, the pretty grounds of Glen Mawr being admirably suited to such an affair. Miss Veal received in the drawing-room, and the guests then passed through the French windows and verandah and found charming groups on the lawn, and in the distance a very charmingly-set buffet under a large marquee, where nice things to refresh thirsty and weary were served. Some of the fair young pupils played in the drawing-rooms, and among those enjoying the music I noticed Mrs. and Miss DuMoulin, of Hamilton, who were greeted by many friends.

The marriage of Miss Minnie Warwick, of Sunnyside, and Mr. Alfred Rogers, is arranged for the tenth of July. It will be a house wedding, and the guests will be only the immediate circle. Miss Warwick's friends will, however, remember to send her loving good-wishes on the tenth.

Mrs. Mackenzie gave a lovely garden tea on Thursday, June 21, as a farewell to her friend, Miss Ella Williams, whose marriage took place on Saturday. Benvenuto shares with the other lovely homes on the hill the privilege of a very fine outlook south over the city so quickly growing to the foot of Davenport hill, and never has the scene been more admired than on Thursday. Mrs. Mackenzie received indoors, but with every door and window open, and nature without, calling to the guests to come, no one lingered; even the hostess was soon on the balcony, then on the lawn, where late-comers were soon finding her and her daughters with the bride-elect. The table was set at the west end, where trees and shrubs are in leaf and flower; an orchestra played in the summer-house, and raids were made by the guests into the rosery, where they found rich spoils. Everyone admired the handsome bride-elect and her fiancé, who made himself at once a favorite by his frank and hearty manner and good looks.

The Island Aquatic Association gave their initial dance for the season last evening, an account of which will appear next week.

Mr. Harry Gordon Cox, of the Ontario Fisheries Department, was married on Wednesday morning at Holy Trinity church by the Rev. John Pearson, to Miss Catherine E. Jones, eldest daughter of the late William Chadwick Jones. The bride was given away by her uncle, the Right Hon. Viscount Hill. The bridesmaids were Miss Maude Jones, sister of the bride, and Miss Chattie Powell, of Detroit. Mr. Charles G. Jones, B.A., brother of the bride, was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Cox left for a honeymoon in Quebec and other Eastern cities.

St. Thomas' church has been the scene of two interesting weddings since this day week. On Saturday, June 23rd, occurred the first, the marriage of Mr. Samuel Crosshwaite, of Calgary, a native of Tipperary county, Ireland, and as fine a specimen of manhood as Canada ever borrowed from the Green Isle, and Miss Ella Williams, sister of Mrs. Donald Mann, a beautiful and sparkling young lady, who has won the hearts of many friends from the far West to the far East in this Dominion. Mr. and Mrs. Mann took the wedding arrangements in hand at very short notice, and gave a very elegant reception to some score or so of friends, some of whom came up from Montreal for the event. Miss Williams' "robe des noces" was of brocaded china crepe, with guimpe and sleeves of folded chiffon, and fine lace "en berthe." Her veil was of tulle, and was worn with a coronet of orange blossoms, and her bouquet was of lily of the valley, with trailing strands of asparagus fern and white blossoms. Miss Williams, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor, and Miss Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, and her younger sister, Miss Ethel Mackenzie, were bridesmaids. Hon. J. R. Cameron, of Winnipeg, was best man. Dr. Arthur Small and Mr. Wylie were the ushers. The ceremony was per-

formed by Rev. Fred Plummer. Mr. Donald Mann gave away the bride, and the service was choral, while the singing of the exquisite solo, Ruth to Naomi, was enjoyed by the guests during the time the marriage party were signing the register. The church was decorated with flowers and ferns, in very graceful and artistic fashion. The maid of honor and bridesmaids wore dainty gowns of muslin and Valenciennes, and the former a pink chapeau, while the latter wore turquoise blue chiffon hats with black choux at the back. All three carried pink roses. After the ceremony, the little party drove to Mr. Mann's new house in St. George street, where Webb served a smart dejeuner, and the sparkling wine flowed, while healths were drunk and everyone wished all sorts of happiness and good fortune to the happy pair, while the harpers played the jolliest lot of Irish airs, winding up with that most Celtic strain, "The Wearin' o' the Green." Then the bride tossed her bouquet from the landing to the maids and donned her pretty travelling-dress, and drove away with her husband amid showers of rose leaves and rice and bon voyages, to begin a wedding journey which will include a visit to the groom's mother in Ireland and much sightseeing on the Continent, before the return to a cool thousand from the host, besides a well-filled purse for pin-money, some rich silver, glass and china, and many rare and costly gifts from Montreal, Ottawa and the far North-West. Among the guests were Dr. Roddick, of Montreal, Mrs. Mackenzie, of Benvenuto, Mrs. James Grace, Mrs. McKinnon, Mr. and Mrs. Annesley, Dr. and Mrs. Lehmann, Mr. and Mrs. Lukes, Mrs. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra, and Mr. and Mrs. Mickie. After the bride and groom had gone away, most of the guests went up to Mrs. Austin's garden party. Quite a touching little parting was that of the bride and her little nephew, Donald Mann the younger, who was for a time quite inconsolable at her departure.

On Wednesday took place in St. Thomas' church the wedding of Mr. Alex. Cartwright, son of Sir Richard Cartwright, and Miss Ada Elizabeth Seymour Hart, daughter of Mrs. Hart, of Harbord street. Both Mr. Cartwright and Miss Hart are so well known and liked in Toronto that much interest was taken in their wedding, and the church was crowded to the doors at three o'clock, when the groom and his best man and cousin, Mr. Frank T. C. O'Hara, of Ottawa, came from the vestry and took their places before the venerable clergyman, Rev. Conway Cartwright, of Kingston, awaiting the coming of the bride. Very sweet and lovely she was, as preceded by her two bridesmaids, Miss Mollie Cartwright and Miss Edith Folger, of Kingston, she was led in by her brother, Mr. William Hart. The ushers, Mr. W. R. Wadsworth and Mr. Frank Strathy, completed the bride's procession. Miss Hart's bridal robe was of white satin, with transparent guimpe and sleeves, and a beautiful bit of point lace worn as a bertha. A tulle veil, very becomingly arranged on the bride's dark hair, and a crown of orange blossoms, were worn, and the bridal bouquet was of white roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaids wore green and white silk brocade, with dainty little fichus of point d'esprit, and large leghorn hats with white plumes, and carried loose sheaves of pink roses. After the marriage the bridal party and guests drove to Mrs. Hart's home in Harbord street, the drawing-room of which was a bower of daisies and green, and there the bridal couple received congratulations. The wedding breakfast was very nicely served by Webb's men, and at five o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright departed on their honeymoon amid many good wishes, the bride wearing a tan voile skirt and cream blouse, with ecru hat of fancy straw and pink roses. Among the guests at this happy event were Lady Cartwright, in purple and black brocade and small bonnet to match; Miss Cartwright; Mrs. Temple Emery of St. Paul in a lovely low gown of cream ribboned chiffon with lace sleeves and soft folds of white tulle veiling the shoulders, and a quaint little hat of white fancy weave with rich green velvet folds. Mrs. Hart, mother of the bride, wore a graceful gown of grey brocade faille with applications of black passementerie, and a heliotrope and black bonnet with soft strings of heliotrope tulle. Mrs. Grantham wore black satin and jet with front of cream satin. Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp wore white and shrimp pink brocade, with ondul applications of black lace. Mrs. Harry Duggan wore white lace, with rows of insertion, and chiffon fichu. Mrs. Harley Roberts, a charming black and white toilette and picture hat. Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston wore a very dainty bisque gown with cream embroidery and chapeau to match. Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison wore a pretty silk, with small flower-crowned bonnet. Mrs. Garratt was in black with picture hat, and Mrs. Sanford Evans in leaf green. Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Miss Street, Mrs. Hugh Langton, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Van Arman, of Buffalo, Mrs. Jackson, of Dansville, Mr. and Mrs. Terrill, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goulding, Mrs. Victor and Miss Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Strathy of Hamilton, Miss Strathy, Mr. George Hart, now of Chicago, was also present, and greeted by welcoming friends. His fiancée, Miss Harrison, was not, however, able, as intended, to join the happy party, owing to the recent sad death of her brother, Captain Charles Harrison, at Wynberg, S.A. Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright are going to Prince Edward Island for their honeymoon, and on their return will reside at No. 1A Harbord street. Lady and Miss Cartwright were with Mr. and Mrs. Cartwright of Avenue road during their stay in Toronto. Mr. O'Hara returned to Ottawa the same evening. The wedding gifts made to Miss Hart included two hundred articles—from a cheque from Sir Richard Cartwright to a wee pupil's picture and funny little pencilled note therewith.

Miss Fitz-Randolph, of New York, is visiting Mrs. Macdonald, of Cona Lodge. On Thursday evening Mrs. Macdonald gave a young people's dinner in honor of her guest, who is one of those to whom the adjective "charming" can be most fittingly applied, and whose presence will brighten Mrs. Macdonald's family circle for a week or so longer.

Mrs. Campbell Macdonald is visiting Mrs. Tucker in Orillia. Miss Justina Harrison went on Tuesday to Barrie, to visit Miss Daisy Plummer.

Another pretty June wedding was celebrated on Wednesday, the 27th, when Miss Berta Burkholder became the wife of Mr. C. LeRoy Kenney, Toronto's popular young entertainer. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. German at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Harry Burkholder, 54 Bellevue Place. The bride looked exceedingly dainty in a gown of white silk organdie, and was attended by Miss Bertha Robson, of Brampton, and Miss Pearl McCliver, as maid of honor, both of whom looked pretty in white organdie. Mr. Horace Currie acted as best man. The young couple were the recipients of many handsome presents from their numerous friends throughout Ontario. Mr. and Mrs. Kenney left amidst a shower of roses and with the well wishes of their many friends, for a tour of Ontario, after which they will take an extended trip to the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland.

The garden party given by the Ladies' Board of the Western Hospital on Saturday afternoon and evening was largely attended, and most successful. The lawn surrounding the hospital is an ideal spot for such an affair, and the scene was a very pretty one, with the bright colored tents, flags, Chinese lanterns and moving crowds, among which the pretty flower girls in the daintiest of light frocks, with their baskets of flowers, did a big business. Musical selections were given by the band, and all kinds of tempting refreshments were served at little tables under the trees. The ladies contributing to the success of the affair were Mesdames W. R. Riddell, Galloway, Price-Brown, Hay, McCullough, Decoration Committee; Mesdames J. W. Laurence, Claude Jennings, Musical Committee; Mesdames Crawford, Carey, Ferguson, Hunt, Ghent, Refreshment Committee; Mesdames R. F. Shurly and Clemens, Flower Committee; Mesdames Cameron and Campbell, 5 o'clock tea tables.



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many years ago, correspondents folded their sheets of paper into a small square, sealed the flap with wax and wrote the address on the blank back. Now-a-days correspondents insist upon their stationery giving them envelopes, to match one of these unrivaled, aristocratic lines: Portia, Oxford Yellum, Original Parchment, Velum, Old English Wedgwood, Flushwater, Nubia Blue or French Crepon. The most suitable notepapers for the stylish woman's escritoire, handled by all up-to-date stationers, manufactured by

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## Leaves From An English Solicitor's Note Book

By BAXTER BOHRETT.

## THE SELF-WILLED LADY CLIENT.

I once overheard a clerk of mine solemnly invoke—well, it was now blessing, upon my head for a fussy fidgeting old fogey. I am afraid I smiled a grim smile, and adopted the somewhat blunt epithet as a veiled compliment to myself. For I confess I always was both fussy and fidgeting. If those words signify nothing worse than persistent care and precision about small details of office work; and I am now at all events, if I was not then, "an old fogey" in Thackeray's sense of the term.

The life of an English solicitor, in active and varied practice, brings him in contact with many strange phases of life and character. In abler hands than my own the materials to be culled from my "note books" would I dare say, furnish plots for well spun-out works of fiction. But I take it that the old adage still holds good that "truth is often stranger than fiction."

Amongst my clients at Georgetown was an old lady who had come to reside in the town some years before I myself settled down there. I made her acquaintance casually, in the course of some business in which I had occasion to search through some title deeds which she kept in her own custody; and, from what she told me in after years, I believe that she was struck with my persistent care and precision over some small details of the business; others, besides my clerk, might have called it fussiness and fidgeting. Be that as it may, her own solicitor died shortly afterwards; and, upon his death, she called upon me, and asked me to act for her in future; and, for a beginning, to go through her deeds and papers, and arrange them all for her in the iron chest which she kept at her own house. My investigation of her papers showed me that she was possessed of considerable property, acquired by her in the course of carrying on a good business as a milliner and dressmaker in the old days, before large co-operative stores were thought of; after she had retired from active business she invested her money judiciously by lending it out at good interest on small mortgages, reinvesting a goodly part of the interest; she was, consequently, in constant need of a solicitor to look after her business; and she became a profitable client.

But there was a strange reserve about her which forbade anything like an approach to personal intimacy; our interviews were strictly confined to the business in hand. On one occasion I ventured to go outside the subject in hand, and to advise her that, having no relations in the first degree, she ought to make a will so as to leave all her affairs in order whenever her time came to leave the world; I was abruptly told that when she consulted me about making a will it would be time enough to give her my advice about it; so I dropped the subject quickly, with an apology. Soon after this she sent for me again, and I could see that she was under some little excitement. She told me that she had an only sister, living elsewhere, who was separated from her husband, who had, as she told me, treated her badly; she read to me extracts from the deed of separation, and said that her sister wanted advice about her right, under it of making a will, and as to what would happen in the event of her dying without making one. I took a careful note of the wording of the deed as she read it to me; it was rather clumsily drawn; it provided for the husband receiving an annuity from the wife so long as he lived and did not molest the wife, or the son who was the only child of the marriage; and the wife, on her part, covenanted to maintain the son at her own expense during his minority; and the husband, on his part, covenanted not to molest either the wife or the son; and further that the wife should, during her life, enjoy all her own property as fully as if she were unmarried, and should have power to dispose thereof by will; but the deed did not specifically provide that in the event of her dying without making a will her property should pass to her own next of kin as if she had never been married. I, of course, advised that in view of the ambiguity of the language used it was of the utmost importance that her sister should make a will; otherwise the husband might on her death without leaving a will, claim everything as her next of kin. She thereupon asked me to draw out a will for her sister to sign, providing for the annuity being paid to the husband during the rest of his life, with a trust over in the event of his becoming deprived of the benefit of the annuity by act of law, or of any attempt to alien or anticipate the payments; and, subject to the annuity, there was to be a bequest of everything to the son absolutely.

Some few years after this she again sent for me, and I found her strangely excited. She asked me if I could recall from memory the terms of the will which I had drawn up for her sister to sign, and I was able to tell her that (thanks to my fussy fidgeting habits) I could at once lay my hand on the draft of the will and, if need be, make a perfect copy of it; and I began asking her some questions about her sister, which I found she tried to evade answering. At last, however, she told me frankly that her sister was only a mythical person, and that (as some of my readers may have been sharp enough to suspect, though I confess I myself had not) she had, in telling me her supposed sister's history, told me the secret of her own life. Poor soul! Fate had indeed dealt hardly with her. She had married early in life a handsome but worthless fellow, whom she had supported by her own industry in the first years

of their married life, and who had deserted her, soon after the birth of her boy, for some other woman. She told me the history of her struggles to keep up a home for the boy, and to save him from coming under the control of his father. There were no bitter words of reproach against her worthless husband, no fiery outburst of indignation, such as might reasonably have been expected under the circumstances; it was only when she came to tell me how she made up her mind that it would be best for her boy that she should part from him and send him abroad, that her calm self-possession at last broke down; and then her grief was indeed piteous to behold; but she mastered it at last, and went on to tell me that her son was doing well in a position of trust in Belfast, and that he and she met once every year, for a short two weeks of holiday in the Isle of Man. But now all her anxiety was again aroused; it appeared that she had gone to London after our former interview, had called on a friendly banker there, through whom the payments of the annuity had always hitherto been made, and had, with his friendly help, signed the will in the form which I had drawn for her supposed sister to sign, and had left it with the banker for safe custody; but that he had, unfortunately for her, in an unguarded moment, let out to her husband that he held the deed of separation, as also the will, in the strong room of the bank; and that she had that morning heard from the banker, that one day, during his temporary absence, the will and the deed of separation had been handed over to a lady who had called with an order which purported to be in her handwriting, but which was a forgery, as the banker had discovered soon after her return to business. The immediate question was what should she do now? Her banker advised her to go up to London, and take steps to prosecute her husband for forgery; but this advice she would not entertain for a moment, and she started me by saying that her banker had no grounds for suggesting to her the thought that her husband could be so wicked as to commit forgery. (How little can we men fathom the hearts of women!)

This gave me my cue, however. I pointed out to her that the loss of the deed of separation was not an irretrievable misfortune, so long as she had a perfect copy of it; and that a new will could be signed at once, and could be lodged in my own office for safe custody, and that the payment of the annuity could be continued as before, as though neither she nor the banker knew of the loss of the documents. I dare say some of my readers will think my advice was cowardly, and that I should have counselled her to take more drastic measures, and at last to suspend the payments of the annuity; but I saw at once from her manner that no such advice would be adopted by this calm, self-possessed and self-willed lady; and on the whole I could not but feel that by adopting the course I suggested her own wishes would be carried into effect, and her own best interests, and those of her son served more effectually than by a prosecution with its consequent public exposure. Whether I was right or wrong, she eagerly adopted my advice; the banker was instructed to continue the payments of the annuity, and to say nothing about the loss of the documents. Her words on signing the fresh will were "once a husband, a husband forever."

The last time I saw her was when she was on her death-bed. With no great stretch of fancy I can see her now, as she lay paralyzed but conscious; calm and self-possessed as ever; her son was with her, and her last charge to me was "you will see that my husband does not come to want, or to any harm, so long as he lives and does not molest my boy;" and then when I had given her my promise, she said with a very sweet look on her face, "once a husband, a husband forever." These were the last words I ever heard her utter; she died that night.

About ten days after her death I had a call from a rough-looking man, dressed in shabby mourning, evidently second hand, who still retained some

## Oil and Gold Mines.

Victors Speak of the Food Used.

Major Desborough, writing from Fresno, Calif., says: "I found Grape-Nuts food 45 miles in the mountains in an old oil camp, where the whole crowd, ten men, eat it for breakfast every day and every Sunday have it in a pudding for dinner."

General E. C. Machen, an old Confederate soldier, has just returned from an extended trip through the Southwest and along the Mexican border, investigating mining properties. He says: "No matter where I traveled, I always found it possible to get Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee, of which I am very fond."

The Grape-Nuts breakfast food is especially valued by campers and frontier people, as it is already cooked and ready for instant service, and being concentrated, furnishes unusual strength and nourishment, in a small quantity. It is believed that a man can travel farther and exercise more continuously on a few teaspoons of Grape-Nuts than on like quantity of any other food known.

The reason for this is that there are selected elements in Grape-Nuts that furnish direct to the brain and nerve centers, the necessary particles to rebuild the delicate gray matter contained in these parts, therefore a man continuously fed on Grape-Nuts is absolutely certain of a good condition of the nervous system, which is really the controller of the entire body.

trace of former good looks, not wholly defaced by self-evident evil habits. He introduced himself to me as her husband, and said he had come down, having heard of her death, to claim his rights, as he called them. He brought with him a smooth-faced man, whom he introduced to me as a lawyer from London; and such he may possibly have been, for London produces many curious types of the profession. They tried bluff and bullying, but found they had mistaken their man. I showed them at once that I was master of the situation, and told them straight out that I was then engaged in applying for probate of a recently executed will. The London lawyer slunk off crestfallen. I confess I so far departed from strict professional etiquette as to suggest to the husband that he should call on me a little later on without his lawyer; and that I bribed the latter to leave the town at once by a promise that if he would accompany my clerk to the railway station he should be repaid the cost of his journey, and a nominal fee for himself, on the train starting with him inside, but not otherwise; and he accepted the bribe eagerly.

The subsequent interview between the husband and myself was a long one. I do not aspire to be called eloquent, but such a touching story of faithful love unrequited as I had related to him made me, I dare say, break solemnly from my heart, which is after all, I venture to think, the mother of true eloquence; before I had ended my story he was on his knees sobbing like a child.

A few flowers were found on her grave in the cemetery, placed by an unknown hand; and the world at large never knew that the self-possessed and self-willed old lady, whom all imagined to be a lonely widow, left behind her a husband whom she had loved to the last in spite of all his sins, and who mourned her loss in penitence. Verily the love of woman is far beyond the comprehension of man as are some of the other secrets of Dame Nature.

## Demon of Dyspepsia

Banished for Ever by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Snow cannot withstand the heat of the mid-summer sun. There's no ice on the creeks in August.

No more can indigestion and Dyspepsia exist when Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are used. The sun melts the snow; Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets digest the food. That's all that is needed to banish indigestion and Dyspepsia.

But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do more. While they are digesting the food, they rest the stomach; tone it up, restore all its old strength, and give it a new supply.

You don't have to take Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets for ever. A short course of treatment, two or three weeks, is enough for any case. Then you can quit using them and enjoy the benefits they have given you.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are specially suited to every form of Dyspepsia. They will positively cure any form of the disease.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets prevent the formation of poisonous gases in the stomach by digesting the food at once. There is no time for it to ferment and create gas.

If the bowels need treatment Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets won't give it. But, in each box is a package of smaller tablets that will. Thus there is a double treatment in every box.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing the double treatment, can be procured from all druggists.

## An Abbreviated Romance.

To gain sweet Mabel's hand and heart The young lieutenant pressed his suit By means of music's pleasing art.

But while he softly played the flute Sweet Mabel merely played the Lute.

The grizzled captain came and told How in the battle he had scrapped. And Mabel, in his arms entwined, Confessed the climax now was nigh.

—Willis B. Hawkins in "Life."

## Mutual Devotion.

LOVERS of animals will be amused at the true story of a horse who survived the terrible siege at Ladysmith. The incident is related by a correspondent at that town. This particular mare was a great favorite with her master, and the first three weeks of the siege fared not so badly considering the peculiar circumstances. But alas! Mary's master was called away, as an engineer, to erect a bridge, and during his absence from home his valued friend was stolen. Five sad weeks passed, and he began

to think she must have fallen into the hands of the Boers. However, on entering the gate of his desolate home one evening (his wife being in safety and away), a neighbor called out to him the welcome news, "Your horse has returned, and is waiting outside her stable." There she was, thin and tired, but delighted to be home again, little dreaming what anxious times were still in store for her. One fateful day the authorities gave orders that no more "mealies" must be given to the stock. Fodder was commandeered for the military horses, and the day broke at last when there was absolutely not a mouthful for poor Mary. Her master arose that morning sad and perplexed for her breakfast. But while he was making his bed he suddenly remembered that his wife had made a new straw mattress and two pillows just before the siege began. No sooner said than done. The latter were ripped open and Mary had her novel breakfast. Later on the bed met with the same fate, and they saved Mary's life, or probably "Cheerful" would have been her end. Not half an hour ago she followed the writer round the garden. She is well and lively, and gave a neigh of deep approval when she heard that her experiences were to be sent home.

## The Summer Girl—1900.

Afraid of no mood of the weather And shod in the stoutest of leather. She tramps on her two little feet; She can handle an oar with a oyster. She golfs quite as well as her brother. She is wholesome and dainty and sweet.

Her fair head is crammed full of know- ledge. She took all the honors in college. Is familiar with science and art; She makes her own book-plates by stip- pling.

Reads Barrie and Browning and Kipling. And reels off her Homer by heart. She rides, and she drives, and she dances. And simply and wholly untrammelled. The lads and the men in their prime; This latest and loveliest comer. Queen rose of this wonderful summer. And pride of an exquisite time.

—Collier's Weekly.

## Expensive French Gallantry.

AN amusing story that went the rounds of Paris last year has been revived recently by the release from prison of the offenders and their subsequent attempts at blackmail. Names have been suppressed, and it is rumored, large sums expended to prevent the odium of ridicule from falling upon several prominent Government officials. The story runs as follows:

Two nuns, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul's Order, presented themselves in a well-known office. The elder, a heavy-featured, rather masculine woman, was spokeswoman, her young and unusually attractive companion standing by in demure silence. Mr. A—, astounded by her extravagant demand for a contribution for the poor, hesitated an instant, then, with a Frenchman's natural disinclination to refuse a woman any favor, sought a means of escape in the suggestion that he should at least expect some return for so large a sum. "Our prayers," replied the older nun, "shall be at your service."

"No," replied the official, "I should prefer something more tangible—a kiss from your pretty companion."

The older woman paused in embarrassment, offered as a pretext their urgent need of money for their charitable enterprises, and finally "ceded to the request—"for the good of the poor."

Mr. A—, startled by this unexpected acquiescence, could think of no further objections. He signed a check for the amount stipulated, then took toll with decided zest in the unusual adventure. A few days later he was surprised by a notification to appear in court as witness against two men whose names were wholly unfamiliar to him. His surprise increased when, on reaching the court-room, he found several of his colleagues there, all summoned upon a similar errand.

The culprits, a stout man of forty and a handsome lad of sixteen, were strangely familiar to the witnesses. They had been apprehended for ransoming in female garments, and when searched several checks for large sums bearing the well-known signatures of the witnesses were discovered upon their persons.

The lad solved the mystery by nodding roguishly to Mr. A—, and suggesting that another time he would be wiser not to pay for kisses.

The rogues were none other than the two begging nuns, and the wit-

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CEYLON TEA, Sold to the Consumer at 60c. Per Pound

If you want the very finest flavored, besides the most healthful and delicious of all teas, ask for Gold Label Salada at 60c. per pound In Lead Packets only.

nesses had all been victimized in a similar fashion.

## A Good Complexion

Depends on Good Digestion.

This is almost an axiom, although usually we are apt to think that cosmetics, face powders, lotions, fancy soaps, etc., are the secrets for securing a clear complexion. But all these are simply superficial assistants. It is impossible to have a good complexion unless the digestive organs perform their work properly, unless the stomach by properly digesting the food taken into it furnishes an abundance of pure blood, a good complexion is impossible.

This is the reason so many ladies are using Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they promptly cure any stomach trouble, and they have found out that perfect digestion means a perfect complexion, and one that does not require cosmetics and powders to enhance its beauty.

Many ladies diet themselves or deny themselves many articles of food solely in order to keep their complexion clear. When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used no such dieting is necessary, take these tablets and eat all the good wholesome food you want and you need have no fear of indigestion, nor the sallow, dull complexion which nine women out of ten have, solely because they are suffering from some form of indigestion.

Bear in mind that beauty proceeds from good health, good health results from perfect digestion, and we have advanced the best argument to induce every man and woman to give this splendid remedy a trial.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets can be found in drug stores, and cost but 50 cents per package.

If there is any derangement of the stomach or bowels they will remove it, and the resultant effects are, good digestion, good health, and a clear, bright complexion.

## Charlotte Bronte's Husband.

Charlotte Bronte's husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, now an octogenarian, lives (writes a Birr correspondent) the quietest of country lives at Harewood, King's County. He is a strongly-built, robust old gentleman, who is wonderfully active for his years, and locally very popular. He spends most of his time in attending to the land agency business in connection with his own property and that of relatives. His second wife is a most estimable lady, who revere the memory of the novelist just as fondly as her husband, whilst her mother, Mrs. Bell, who lives with her, is an interesting centenarian. The recurring anniversaries of Charlotte's birth and death—April 21st and March 31st—are never forgotten. There are some of her relics in the house, outside of which they have never been allowed to pass. These throw but a little light on the author's early life, especially as indicating her tastes. Quite a number of drawings display some of that artistic instinct for which Charlotte Bronte never got credit, even from her appreciative friend, Mrs. Gaskell. The desk and nest of drawers on which she wrote most of her works are there, with many other mementoes that are highly prized by the family.

## A Woman With Nerve.

HERE, writes a correspondent of "M. A. P.," is a curious and true story of an Englishwoman's adventures with President Kruger. It was during the troublous times which culminated in the disaster of Majuba Hill, and the husband of the lady in question owned a farm not far from the town of Potchefstroom—recently so prominent in despatches from Lord Roberts. Oom Paul was at that time some twenty years younger than now, and, consequently, took a more active part in actual hostilities. At commanding he was said to be an adept, and while on one of his expeditions he and his companions visited the homestead of the lady. On the farm there were a number of fine horses, more of the English breed than of the scraggy African stock, and, as these took the fancy of Commandant Kruger, he promptly decided to commandeer them for the insurgent Government.

"He came into our house with his loaded rifle slung over his shoulder," said the lady to a relative in this country, to whom she recently told the story. "He surveyed the place with so unmistakable an expression, that I jumped to the correct conclusion as to his mission at once. I had not long to wait for the hard truth, and, as I was only accompanied by my children—for my husband had left when the trouble began, being badly wanted by the enemy—I, a lone woman, could scarcely interfere. 'I am going to take your horses, madam,' he said, very politely. 'In fact, they are now in the hands of my men,' he added, 'but as an acknowledgment for the loan of the horses I will leave you this signed document.' Thereupon he unsling his rifle and laid it upon the

sitting-room table, while he searched in a pouch for the paper he referred to.

"At that moment a wild idea rushed to my mind. I seized the rifle, and bringing the butt of it to my shoulders—most women who live upon the veldt know how to handle a gun—I pointed the muzzle at him. 'You will not take the horses, and unless you put that paper back I will fire.' A screamed in a frenzy of rage. Paul Kruger was too wise a man to doubt my word, and he obeyed, though, at the same time, I think I may tell you, I had not the courage to have done what I threatened. 'Promise that you will not take the stock,' I demanded. He promised, rather to my surprise, to leave the horses alone, and said that nothing belonging to our farm would be touched. Indeed, he flatteringly added that such a brave woman as I should not have anything commandeered. Then he asked for his rifle. He left the horses and his men ride away. Then I pitched the rifle from me and sat down and cried." To his credit, the future President kept his promise, but, alas! the horses disappeared shortly after, commandeered by another force this time, that did not offer to leave an acknowledgment of what they had taken!

Take heart. O ye that sing to-day And charm not—be content! Who knows? Admiring people may Form clubs when ye have passed away To find out what ye meant.

Chicago "Times-Herald."

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## Curious Bits of News.

The death-rate of the world is 67 and the birth-rate 70 a minute, and this seeming light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase in population each year of 1,200,000.

The rifle is responsible for nearly 90 per cent. of the killed and wounded in modern warfare. In the Franco-German War it was estimated that 6,969 Germans were killed by rifle bullets, and only 695 by artillery fire.

The Bible as the text for an opera is the latest proposal. Don Perosi, the young Italian composer, is now engaged, according to the "Jewish World," in composing the music to Exodus, chapters 2-14, inclusive, dealing with the discovery of Moses among the bulrushes, and the crossing of the Red Sea. Two poets are translating the Hebrew text into Italian verse. The scenes will be presented by specially painted tableaux.

To those who have never considered the subject it might appear that each letter is of equal importance in the formation of words, but the relative proportions required in the English language are these: a, 85; b, 16; c, 30; d, 43; e, 120; f, 25; g, 17; h, 64; i, 80; j, 4; k, 8; l, 40; m, 30; n, 80; o, 80; p, 17; q, 5; r, 62; s, 80; t, 90; u, 24; v, 12; w, 20; x, 4; y, 80; z, 2. It is this knowledge of how frequently one letter is used compared with others that enables cryptogram readers to unravel so many mysteries.

Most people suppose that new potatoes are apt to be injurious to the health, while old potatoes are quite wholesome. Science seems to say otherwise. Recent experiments show that potatoes contain a poison known as solanin. New potatoes contain comparatively little of this poison unless they grow above the surface of the ground and have a green skin. Old potatoes contain much more of this poisonous principle, solanin, and many cases of serious poisoning have occurred in the late summer when old potatoes were used. In 1892 and 1893 there was almost wholesale poisoning among the troops of the German army. In this case it was found that in old potatoes kept in a damp place and beginning to sprout there was 24 times as much solanin as in new potatoes.

## A June Memory.

The slow, slow crawl of Father Time,  
Who rested at each second,  
The clock's vexatious pantomime.  
With ticks as aeons reckoned—  
Until the very hour arrived,  
When in a sudden panic  
With stubborn buttons it convulsed  
At strategems satanic.

The summons oft, the frenzied search  
For garments strangely hidden,  
The heading gallop to the church,  
By blind forebodings chidden.  
The vigil in the vestry dim—  
Unnerving, aggravating,  
The rustic, silky, starched, prim,  
That tells of critics waiting.

The awful sally into sight  
Of eyes and eyes, all focussed  
To see a chap in dire affliction,  
By "Cupid's" bow focussed.  
The posing, cold, in long suspense;  
By friends, save one, forsaken;  
The wondrous rush of confidence  
When her soft hand is taken.

The vision of an altar rail—  
Responses automatic—  
A figure white and sweetly pale—  
A low "I will," ecstatic.  
A burst of joyous Lohengrin—  
A sea of face and feather—  
A knowledge we at once begin  
To front a world together.

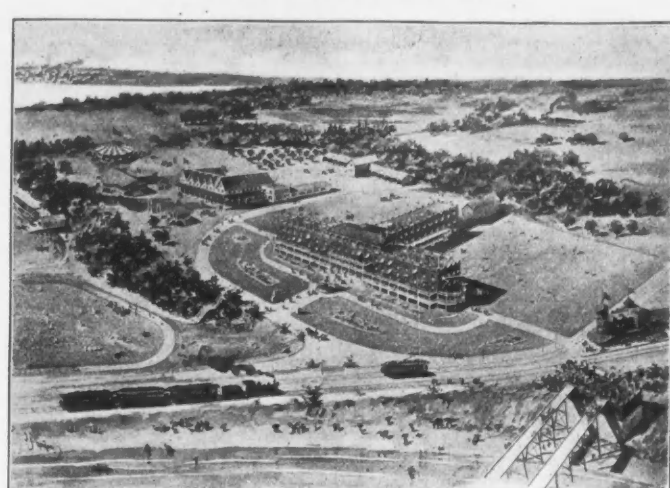
The snail-like march down the aisle,  
And all the world a-staring  
'Mid mental comment on the style  
Of what the bride is wearing.  
The roll of wheels by which we too  
From all the world are carried—  
A dawning consciousness 'tis true  
That She and I are married!

—Edwin L. Sabin, in "Puck."

## Book Notes.

IT IS about time the learned ladies who compile scientific works on wild flowers should take a back seat for a while. Not that the books the erudite ladies get up are without merit, because they really are interesting, with the colored plates and snatches of poetry and pretty descriptions; still, I have come across so many lately that I scowl at them. However, if the author and the publisher make money out of them, I don't suppose anyone has any call to object to them. In that case allow me to introduce to your notice one, How to Know the Wildflowers, by Mrs. William Starr Dana, which is pretty bound in cloth and published by the Publishers' Syn-

## Finest Hotel in Canada.



Burlington is one of the most delightful natural situations in America, and the Hotel Brant has no superior as a tourist and family hotel. In this happy conjunction of facts the seeker after summer rest and pleasure can find the solution of that much vexed question, "Where shall I spend my holidays?" Erected at a cost of \$100,000, the Brant will open its doors to the public July 1st, 1900. The building is a fire-proof brick structure, finished in hard wood, and has accommodation for 250 guests; is thoroughly equipped

with electric lights and bells, elevators, sanitary appliances, baths, etc.; and has its guest chambers arranged singly and en suite. The dining-hall opens upon spacious verandahs, and covers an area of nearly 8,000 square feet. A novel feature of the hotel is its roof garden and roof promenades. Guests have every facility provided for golf, tennis, billiards, bowling, boating, bathing, etc. Rates, \$2.50 and upwards per day.  
WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS,  
Proprietors.

dicating, and another, Our Native Trees, by Harriet L. Keeler (same publishers), which is extra prettily bound, although it has no colored plates, like the first mentioned.

People have had such a surfeit of war in the papers, it seems doubtful that they will want more of it in books. However, as war books go, Winston Spencer Churchill's London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria, just published by the Copp, Clark Company, is a unique and exceptionally interesting volume. Young Churchill's adventures were of a startling character—so startling as to rivet the attention of the world when much larger issues than the fate of an individual were hanging in the balance. This book, which is a reprint of Churchill's letters to the London "Daily Mail," tells the whole story with freshness and realism. The book is appropriately bound in khaki. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has completed his History of the Four Georges. His son, Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, is now preparing the index.

It is announced in England that Mr. Hall Caine will probably not have his new novel ready for publication till a year from next autumn. Before completing it Mr. Caine "means to visit Rome again." Is there a deep significance in this intention? After writing The Christian, does Mr. Caine intend to deal with another phase of Christianity?

An English reviewer thinks that he has discovered a revolt among the more popular English writers. This may be explained by the natural desire on the part of an author to do work most satisfying to his ambitions as well as most remunerative. Compared with successful novels, short stories do not pay. There is so slight a demand for collections of short stories that publishers hesitate a long time before bringing them out, unless they come from a man like Kipling.

"Do wars produce great poetry?" asks the New York "Tribune," and then by way of answer says: "It would seem from the present Boer war and from our war with Spain that modern wars certainly do not. Not one memorable poem came from the Spanish-American war, which in its brief course certainly included several stirring episodes. Thus far the English poets have done nothing of note to celebrate the valor of their countrymen in South Africa. Swinburne's poem, published the other day, was a disappointment, without inspiration, and full of tortured language. As for Alfred Austin's verses on Mafeking, they were the most serious plea yet offered for the abolition of the Laureateship."

The Red Badge of Courage, which first brought fame to Stephen Crane, was written in nine days; but if this novel brought him a reputation, it did not bring fortune, according to Mr. Harriman. He writes: "This story was

the result of a conclusion arrived at by Stephen Crane after reading a battle story in a certain monthly magazine—that he could write a better one—he who had never seen even a sham battle by his State militia, who did not know a Maxim from a Krag-Jorgensen. He selected the Battle of Chancellorsville. From records he learned the topography of the country, the atmosphere of the battle, the position of the troops, and then he wrote his story without mentioning a name, a locality, a troop, and at the same time he presented accurately, picturesquely, vividly, the problem of war resolved to an equation of battle. And for this tale, running as it did into edition after edition, he received in all one hundred and ninety dollars—ninety dollars for the syndicate rights in America, and one hundred dollars for the same rights in England."

## A Really Sick Man.

Suffered Terrible Agony Due to Kidney and Liver Trouble.

Medicines Apparently Had no Effect, Until at the Suggestion of a Friend He Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was Cured.

From the Mail, Granby, Que.  
Mr. Albert Fisher, accountant at Payne's cigar factory, Granby, Que., is known to almost every resident of the town, and is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. In conversation with the editor of the Mail recently, something was said concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, when Mr. Fisher remarked that he had found these pills a very valuable medicine. It was suggested that he should make his experience known, and to this he readily consented, handing to the Mail the following letter for publication:

Granby, March 16th, 1900.  
In justice to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I think it my duty, in view of what they have done for me, to add my testimonial to the many which I have seen in print. For some months I suffered most severely from pains up and down my back. It was thought these were due to liver and kidney trouble, but whatever the cause, they kept me in terrible agony. The pains were not confined to the back, but would shift to other parts of the body. As a result, I could get little rest; my appetite was much impaired, and I was really a sick man. I tried many different remedies, without effect, and which disgusted me with medicine. A friend suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was not easily persuaded, for I had given up the use of medicine, as nothing had helped me, but as he insisted, I finally concluded to give them a trial. I purchased one box, and was astonished to find that before it was entirely used I was quite a bit relieved and after using six more was fully restored to my former good health. I take great pleasure in recommending this valuable remedy, that others may profit by my experience, and not suffer the tortures that I did.  
Yours sincerely,  
ALBERT FISHER.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

## "English" for the "British."

(A tale both practical and poetic.)  
An admirer of the Poet Laureate sat reading the correspondence about the terms "British" and "English," in the "Times."  
"Am I an Englishman, or am I a Briton?" he asked himself, and could come to no conclusion. He dropped the interesting journal and turned to the latest work of the Poet Laureate, and allowed his eyes to fall upon the pages. Then his eyes closed unconsciously. In a moment there was a complete change in his surroundings. He found himself hemmed in on every side by a number of soldiers, who leveled their rifles at his head.  
"Spare me!" he cried. "You dare not touch me. I claim the protection of my national flag."  
"To what nation do you belong?" asked the officer, knocking up the

## Did It Ever Occur

to you that bulk tea without any well defined name or brand may very easily vary in quality?

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rifles of his men.  
The Admirer of the Poet Laureate was puzzled.  
"I am a sort of Briton," he answered after some consideration.  
"Won't do. We can show no mercy to a sort of Briton."  
"Well, I am wrong. I should say I am an Anglo-Celtic."  
"Never heard of such a race. I am afraid we must shoot you."  
And once again the rifles were leveled at the head of the unfortunate admirer of the Poet Laureate.  
"Spare me! spare me!" shouted the luckless connoisseur, falling on his knees.  
"How can we spare you if you are difficult of identification? Say who you are and we will consider the merits of your case."  
"I am an Englishman," at length returned the admirer of the Poet Laureate.

The rifles were immediately lowered.  
"Why couldn't you have said that before?" grumbled the officer, "and saved us all this bother?"  
And then the admirer of the Poet Laureate awoke.

"Englishman seems the best name, after all!" he cried. Then he returned to the poem of his favorite author. In a few moments he was once again fast asleep.

But this time his slumber was dreamless—"Punch."

## The Golfing "Bogey" Man:

NEW VERSION.

(By one who met him several times last week.)

It's not a bit of good to hide  
From his sustained attack;  
In vain are subterfuges tried  
When he is on your track!  
'Tis easier all the roses  
You carefully may plan,  
You cannot stop  
The dreary "shop" man.  
Talked by the "Bogey" man.

Chorus:

Whist! whist! whist!  
There comes the "Bogey" man,  
By Jove! he'll buttonhole you,  
As lightly as he can:  
He's worst—worst—worst  
Of boredom's mighty clan.  
The greatest, up-to-date pest,  
The golfing "Bogey" man!

With dull details about his ground,  
He'll surfeit soon your soul;  
Of all his links' confounded round  
He'll give you every hole.  
Each bunker at his bidding  
Perforce you have to scan;  
He spares you not  
One "fizzled" shot—  
This would be "Bogey" man!

Chorus:

Hist! Hist! Hist!  
Here comes the "Bogey" man,  
With "ifs" and "buts,"  
And twelve-foot "putts"—  
"Missed, sir, by half a span!"  
With drives which "close by God,  
To Vardon's longest ran,"  
The ever-prosperous boys of lore—  
The golfing "Bogey" man.

He even dwells on his mistakes  
Without the least disguise;  
And most ingenious reference makes  
Himself, to "awkward lies."  
Your open signs of boredom  
Serve but his zeal to fan;  
You yawn, you doze—  
Still on he goes,  
The tireless "Bogey" man!

Chorus:

So whist! whist! whist!  
There comes the "Bogey" man—  
He's bound to buttonhole you,  
Escape you never can.  
Of all the bores that flourish,  
From Naphtali to Dan,  
He surely is the very worst,  
The golfing "Bogey" man!  
—London "Truth."

## A Picturesque Novelist.

SOME time ago an interesting article was published in one of the monthly magazines, which related what well-known men might have become had they remained in their original professions. For example, Sir Evelyn Wood, who was once in the navy, might have been, and probably would have been, an admiral by this time, whilst Mr. Clement Scott might be writing memoirs to his colleague at the next table, and quaking in his shoes at the thought of War Office reform. Contrariwise, had not Mr. Marion Crawford, to the delight of unnumbered thousands, devoted himself to the weaving of his fascinating novels he might have earned his living in two ways, viz., as a master mariner, or as a professional strong man, says "M. A. P." The famous novelist is a tall, very tall man, standing well over six feet without his boots, and his thighs and sinews are in proportion to his height. His hair is brown and short, his eyes blue, with that peculiar blueness which belongs to seafaring men, and his fine, handsome face also smacks of the sea; in fact, an amateur Sherlock Holmes would probably at once classify him as a sailor, especially before he had shaved off his beard.

As to Mr. Crawford's physical strength, it is prodigious. The ordinary tricks of the professional strong man, such as tearing a pack of cards in four, breaking half-crowns, snapping chains, etc., he can perform with ease; and it is said, though it may be an exaggeration, that when he desires

to have a little music on the terrace of his beautiful villa at Sorrento, he simply walks into the house and returns with the grand piano on his back! His adventures by sea have been numerous and exciting, and on one occasion the crew of a vessel he was sailing from New York mutinied, and he and the first mate brought the boat over themselves, the crew being in iron.

If the author of "A Roman Singer" has a weakness it is for ruins, and he once paid an extravagant price for a dilapidated castle, which was quite uninhabitable. Touching his work, Mr. Crawford, who is a very shy man, is also very shy of noises, and he generally works in a room with padded doors high up in the tower of his villa. He is fond of coffee and vegetables, and, of course, devoted to yachting. At Sorrento he and his beautiful wife are regarded virtually as king and queen of that seaside resort. The villa itself is not actually in Sorrento, but stands high up and looks across the bay. It is in every sense of the word a home beautiful, between which and America Mr. Crawford divides his time.

## A New Story of B. P.

When Baden-Powell was quartered at Malta, he was pestered with the attentions of a lively girl who answered to the description of a "garrison hack." He was always anxious to get walking exercise, and she used to persist in accompanying him in his afternoon tramp. To escape from a bore at Malta is nearly impossible, but B. P. managed to do it. He disguised himself as a navy, and harmlessly slouched past the unsuspecting siren who was waiting for him. This happened for three days. On the fourth afternoon the "navy" approached the lady and said: "Beg pardon, miss; could you tell me where Captain Baden-Powell is to be found?" These three days he has sent me along this road to see if 'tis clear of active lasses who like walking, and there has not been so much as a stay lace on the road, so I want to tell him so! Henceforth B. P. took his exercise undisturbed.

## Good Advice.

Tom Higgins used to have a place up at the head of Lishon street, where the tiger lashed his tail. The sounds therein were the mellow rustle of the cards, the voice of the dealer saying, "How many will you have, gentlemen?" and the forcible ejaculations of the party who failed to "fill." One night all the tables were occupied. There was a rap on the door. Higgins, with his quiet indifference to things that did not interest him, paid no attention to the rapping. But the man outside was impatient. He kept knocking.  
At last Higgins went to the door, and, without unhooking it, he cried:  
"Who are you, and what do you want?"  
"I am So-and-so, and I want to get in and play."  
The man was a notorious loser. Tom looked around at the group in the room. They had turned to the door and said to the man outside:  
"Shove your money under the door and go away. That will save you time and us trouble."—Lewiston "Journal."

Doctor of the Old School—The child appears to be teething.  
Doctor of the New School—Impossible! The bacteriological diagnosis discloses no trace whatever of the characteristic teething bacillus.—Detroit "Journal."



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EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.



### OUTDOOR PASTIMES

DISSATISFACTION is widespread with the manner in which the Public School sports were conducted. A number of unjust decisions seem to have been given, as the result of the careless, haphazard manner in which the judging was done. The judges apparently failed to appreciate the fact that children are more keenly alive to injustice than their elders. The average child cares comparatively little for the intrinsic value of a prize, but appreciates the honor of winning it, and feels very bitterly if merited victory is snatched away through carelessness or injustice. This is exactly what appears to have taken place in several events last Saturday—particularly in the foot races, where the judging at times was badly bungled. If these games are to have any value to the children, they should be conducted with the most scrupulous care and fairness. Trustees do not know the first thing, necessarily, about such a difficult matter as judging correctly a foot-race where there are a score of competitors bunched at the finish. Next year, in order to prevent a recurrence of the heartburnings of Saturday last, the trustees ought to step aside and allow the games to be conducted by men experienced in such work.

Summer, with its athletic activity, has again produced the usual crop of slanging charges and tart rejoinders in the local press of Ontario towns that are rivals in such sports as baseball and lacrosse. Ill-feeling and jealousy are kept alive by this means between many places that have no ground for being other than good neighbors, and the worst of it is that occasionally this spirit leads to deeds of violence which are bound to be followed by reprisals. A certain amount of chaffing is inseparable from athletic competitions, but it always should be good-natured, and when it is such, good, not harm, is done by rivalry. The average quarrel arises in some such manner as the following: One local paper will explain the defeat of the baseball or lacrosse team belonging to its town by alleging professionalism in the opposing team. At the same time there is possibly just as much so-called professionalism on one side as the other—new players being brought every season into most towns, both small and large, and situations secured for them to hold them there. This being the case, it is unfair and dishonest for one side to accuse the other of an offence of which, if it is really an offence, both are guilty. But a newspaper argument gets started, and then there is no telling what will be the upshot. The public and the press of Ontario might as well recognize once for all that in so-called amateur baseball and lacrosse, from end to end of the province, a state of semi-professionalism exists, and that, as things go, it is perfectly legitimate for a team to import new players and retain them for the season by providing them with temporary situations. If this fact were frankly acknowledged, many of the senseless disputes that every now and then stir up strife between neighboring towns and lead to regrettable scenes, would be avoided.

In this connection, the correspondence between President Galt of the Toronto Baseball Club and Manager Buckenberger, of Rochester, and Mr. Powers, is interesting, as showing the unfortunate tendency there seems to be in baseball, as in so many lines of sport, to commit offences against fair play and the code of gentlemen, and then to resent criticism of such conduct. Mr. Galt did perfectly right to protest with all his might against rowdiness on the field. Professional baseball will continue to go down in the estimation of clean people if profanity and blackguardism on the field are to be added to the other demerit marks against professional ball. There has been too much of this sort of thing already. It should and must be put down with a heavy hand. Mr. Galt will have the support of the patrons of baseball in this city in using the harshest means at his disposal to deal with the next offence against the public ear on the Island grounds.

Everyone has lost faith in the ability of the Toronto baseball team to do anything better than lag along at the tail end of the League. One of the virtues supposed to be cultivated by athletic sport is the ability to take punishment when it is deserved, without making wry faces. With this fact in view, the people of Toronto, who perhaps are as good sports as can be found anywhere, are ceasing to attempt to gloss over the disappointing record of this season's nine; for notwithstanding the number of one-run defeats, there is manifestly only one explanation of the position occupied by Toronto, and that is that the club stands precisely where its merits entitle it to stand. It would certainly be remarkable if hard luck were sufficient to keep a good team down so steadily and so long.

A great deal of interest is centered in the Toronto vs. Tecumseh lacrosse match this afternoon. While there is the usual difference of opinion as to the comparative merits

of the teams, the feeling has been gaining ground that the Torontos stand more than a good chance to retrieve the laurels wrested from them by "the Indians."

Many wheelmen from this side the Atlantic, who are to visit the Paris Exposition, will take their wheels with them and thereby avoid some of the petty extortions and restrictions incident to traffic in and about the French capital during the Exposition season.

Here are three interesting cricket items which are probably unfamiliar to hundreds of cricketers in this country: Ranjitsinhji holds the record for the greatest number of runs made in a year. During the season of 1899 he made 3,109 in fifty-six innings.

The first time a cricket team left England to play abroad was in 1859, when an eleven sailed from Liverpool to Quebec.

Fifty-six England v. Australia matches have been played, thirty-two in Australia and twenty-four in England. England has won twenty-six and Australia twenty, while ten games have been drawn.

The local cricket of the past week was devoid of unusual features. The Royal Military College team's defeat of Mimico Asylum by 231 to 72 was a creditable performance, Capt. Logan's 83 runs for the R. M. C. being a decidedly good showing at bat. The Parkdale vs. Toronto-Rosedale match on Saturday, in which the former won, was marked by Parkdale's strong bowling and Toronto-Rosedale's correspondingly weak batting. Uxbridge defeated St. Cyprian's by 101 runs, while the Sons of England won from Hamilton by 67 to 38. The St. Alban's club sent three teams to St. Catharines, and only the juniors returned home with honors. Trinity College School beat Upper Canada College at Port Hope by an innings and ten runs.

Those who are on the hunt for cricketing curiosities may be referred to two peculiar incidents in England last week. According to "Truth," bowling for Somerset against Middlesex, Braund went over the crease, and the umpire, before the ball was delivered, called no-ball. Braund stopped himself, went back, and bowled the ball. The authorities at Lord's decided that the no-ball must be added to the score. This is a peculiar decision. The ball had not been delivered, and it would seem that the bowler had no more delivered a no-ball than the batsman would have been out if the umpire had given him out merely because he stood in front of his wicket before the ball had been bowled at him. The other incident is to be found in the cricket scores. Hunter is seventh in the batting list with an average of sixty-two. His highest score is ten not out, but then he has played nine innings and he has only been out once.

Fear is expressed that owing to the early date of the coming Canadian regatta, the American crews, which naturally have an earlier training season than their competitors in this country, will sweep everything before them. Owing to this fear, there have been a number of notices of withdrawal from the competitions.

The Royal Canadian Yacht Club had a most successful day's racing last Saturday. Merlin won the 16-foot class race, from Caprice, Hustler, Cake-Walk, Dodo II, and Sigma III, in the order named. Sylvia won the 30-foot race with Wona second, and Beaumont Jarvis' boat won in the dinghy class over Chas. Sweatman, George Gooderham, Jr., and F. Smith. The competitors for the Lorne cup were Merrythought, Clorita, Vreda, and Vivia. Merrythought got away first, and was cleverly handled throughout the race by ex-Commodore Jarvis, keeping her lead and finishing first by fourteen minutes, with Clorita second, Vivia third and Vreda last.

Typhoon again finished first in the Parkdale Sailing Club's race for the Commodore's cup, with 61-2 minutes to spare. Walter Patterson's Vivia was second and W. J. Commelford's Alert third.

Venetia (Haney Bros.) beat Widgeon (P. J. Kenny) in the Queen City Yacht Club's 20-foot class, but the result was protested on the ground of an alleged foul.

The Dominion Bank crew won the Argonauts' Institution race on Saturday by a length. The distance was about three-quarters of a mile. The 1899 winners, the Toronto Bank, did not enter. The summary:

1-Dominion Bank—V. N. Kirkpatrick (bow), C. S. Watson, C. O. Fellows, A. K. McDougall (stroke).  
2-Consumers' Gas—W. D. Greer (bow), C. E. Howarth, J. Armstrong, R. G. Muntz (stroke).  
3-Canadian Bank of Commerce—G. W. Marriott (bow), K. D. Simpson, J. B. McCuaig, D. Simpson (stroke).

The annual President v. Vice-President match of the Granite Bowling Club on Saturday was won by the Vice-President's team by ten shots. The totals were 171 and 161, made up as follows:

President.	Vice-President.
J. C. Kemp, skip, 17	G. R. Hargratt, skip, 16
C. C. Dalton, skip, 16	W. A. Cameron, skip, 15
C. P. Smith, skip, 19	G. W. A. Faircloth, skip, 20
J. C. Hulett, skip, 15	C. H. Badenach, skip, 18
Dr. Sylvester, skip, 20	W. H. Bleasdel, skip, 31
G. H. Orr, skip, 14	J. W. Corcoran, skip, 16
J. Baird, skip, 15	M. T. Scott, skip, 20
R. B. Rice, skip, 20	C. C. Matthews, skip, 15
H. W. Fittin, skip, 25	R. W. Spence, skip, 20

The Canada Club bowlers defeated the Victorias recently by 124 to 57.

The Caer-Howell Bowling Club's President v. Vice-President match on Saturday was won by the Vice-President by 3 shots. The score was 33 to 30.

### Golf.

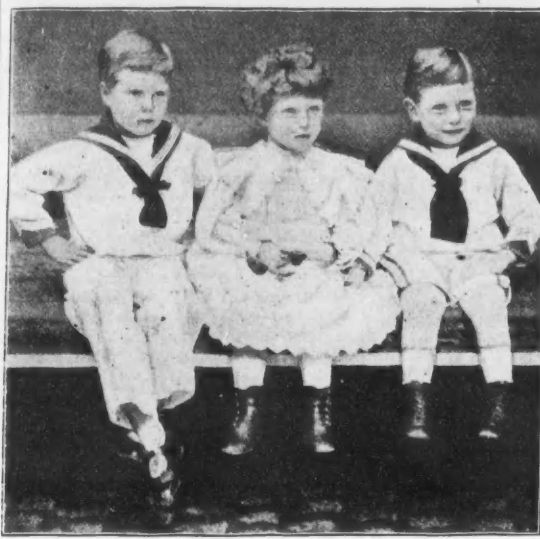


HAROLD H. HILTON.

ONE of the most prominent figures in the golfing world at the present time is that of Mr. Harold H. Hilton. He has, after many years of trial, been successful in winning the honor that he most coveted—the amateur championship of Great Britain. He has twice won the open championship—in 1892 at Muirfield, and in 1897 at Hoylake. One would think that Mr. Hilton, after this, would not prize the amateur event as he does, but it has long been known that his heart had been set on winning this title, compared with which the open championship weighed nothing.

The open championship has been decided at St. Andrew's, and for the third time J. H. Taylor has been successful. Vardon was runner-up with a score of 317 to Taylor's 309. Since his trip to America, Vardon's play has not been up to his true form. Some people account for Taylor's victory over Vardon to his skill with the mashie. "Golf and Lawn Tennis" says: "Taylor has been a tough proposition for Vardon, and in three matches with him in September last, won two and tied the third. Taylor plays a brilliant and individualistic game, having brought approaching 'dead' to the hole with his mashie almost down to a certainty. In this respect he is the opposite of Vardon, who, though a good mashie-player, prefers to run his approaches with a mid-iron, taking chances of the ball being deflected by rough ground. Taylor's theory that it is safer to have the ball travel most of the distance in the air, whether there is a bunker in the way

### The York Children.



Their Royal Highnesses Prince Edward, Princess Victoria and Prince Albert of York. Baby York was born shortly after the photograph was taken.

or not, works finely with him. He puts the cut on his ball to an absolute certainty. The average player cannot do this, and follows the easier plan of running up with the mid-iron. Considering that approaching is probably the hardest part of the game, where accuracy counts most, these two theories of the world's greatest players are most interesting. Putting cut in a ball is a most beautiful and fascinating stroke, but with most of us comes off better in practice than in actual play on tournament day. However, in this country there is hardly a course where the ball must have a decided cut on it to remain on the green.

Fashions for golfing women have not changed very much since the fall. The skirt and jacket are of reversible cloth, the plain side forming the collar and cuffs of the jacket, and sometimes the narrow hem of the skirt. The last, however, tends to shorten the figure. The skirt is made with a little more fullness on account of the box pleat, which now relieves the flat effect that was so noticeable at the back of last year's skirts. The opening is at one side only, closing under a flap with invisible socket springs like those in use on gloves. The broad cowboy hat is replaced by a neat "Alpine" of felt, to match the frock, or of the skirt material, the plaid forming the under brim and matching the collar and cuffs. Any hatter can make these hats as desired. The long quilts that were so popular have also given way to silk pommops of color to match the hat.

The winners of the mixed foursomes at the Country and Hunt Club on Saturday last were Mrs. Strachan Johnston and Mr. Frank Drake.

The team of ten players sent by the Toronto Club to Rochester last Saturday received a severe drubbing. Toronto, however, can place a very much stronger team on the links than the one chosen for this match. The defeat of Mr. Vere Brown by Mr. J. G. Averill was a surprise to many.

The Montreal Club, which played at Brookline, Mass., on Saturday, also allowed "the Americans" to sew them up to the tune of 40 to 7, eleven men a side.

Mr. V. C. Brown, the Canadian amateur champion, in a recent game over the links of the Richmond County Club, pulled down the record for the round by one stroke. Not bad for Canada!

The interest of all golfers on this side of the water is now centered at Garden City, Long Island, where the amateur championship of the United States is to be decided under the auspices of the U.S.G.A. and the Garden City Golf Club. The date of the meeting is July 2nd to 7th.

Harry Vardon sailed for America on Saturday last, to finish his interrupted tour. An effort will be made to bring the ex-champion to Toronto.

HAZARD.

### Actresses Who Have Scored This Season.

LOOKING back over the theatrical season, a critic points out that the one great fact borne in upon one is the surprising manner in which the artistic work of actresses has predominated over the actors. Actress after actress has distinguished herself, but the actors who have accomplished a great individual success can be numbered on one hand. William Gillette, in Sherlock Holmes, has scored both as actor and as playwright. William Faversham furnished the best work of his career in Brother Officers. John Mason scored a success by his fine repressed work in Wheels Within Wheels, and of Nat Goodwin's triumph in When We Were Twenty-one there can be no two opinions. But Mr. Goodwin's hit is more than offset by his wife, Maxine Elliott's brilliant work in the same play, and in Mr. Mason's case he was obliged to hold second place in the cast of Wheels Within Wheels owing to the work of Miss Hilda Spong, who, in the role of the Honorable Mrs. Onslow Bulmer, jumped instantly into the front rank of Broadway favorites. It was her work in this play which finally decided Manager Daniel Frohman to make her his leading woman of the Lyceum stock company next year.

Of the men stars, Mansfield has done nothing new. Henry Miller gave an earnest performance of Sydney Carton in The Only Way, but quite failed to idealize the role. J. R. Hackett produced The Pride of Jennico, in which, while he was busily engaged stabbing men in four different directions at once, little Miss Bertha Gallard, a comparative novice, ran away with all the honors. As for E. H. Sothern—well, lavish as was his expenditure and artistic as was his mounting of The Sunken Bell, not even his best friends could claim that he had enhanced his reputation as an actor or by his performance of the Bell Founder. Here again was another instance where the woman ran away with the laurels, for while opinions were divided with regard to Mr. Sothern's work, Virginia Harned's Wood Nymph was welcomed as a delightful creation. Maude Adams and Mrs. Leslie Carter have, of course, remained artistically in statu quo. With two such great successes as The Little Minister and Zaza on their hands, it was not to be expected that either of them would stop to produce anything new this season. Mrs. Fiske, on the other hand, though she strayed a long way from Thackeray in her impersonation of Becky Sharp, has won both dollars and applause by her latest creation. As a money winner, however, in spite of her illness and her most extraordinary legal prosecution, Olga Nether-sole in Sapho has proved a greater success. Artistically, her work in this play is far below her usual standard, although once in a while, even in this wretched Fitch play, she rose superior to her role and had a magnificent movement. In this same Sapho there was an actor who succeeded in spite of a bad part in making himself one of the matinee idols of the year—Hamilton Revelle. Few actors could have done as much as Mr. Revelle did to make Fitch's—not Daudet's—Jean Gaussin seem almost human. Revelle has beauty, grace, strength and a clear-speaking voice. His success as a leading man is now assured, for, frankly, at present he has no rival in his own line.

Two of the bitterest disappointments of the season have been E. J. Morgan and John Blair. Neither of these actors has lived up to his reputation, and their last failure they scored together in the Gilder version of Quo Vadis. Even Henry Irving, though his Robespierre had great drawing powers, is admitted to be on the downward slope. Of that other young and promising actor, Joseph Jefferson, it is unnecessary to speak. He will begin his forty-first con-

secutive season in Rip Van Winkle early in September. Another young actor who made a fine impression this year as a comedian was H. Reeves Smith.

The melodramatic honors of the past season belong to Jessie Busby for her delightful work in Hearts Are Trumps, and Elita Proctor Otis for her shocking adventures in Women and Wine. Taken all in all, the stage seems to be in the hands of great actresses rather than great actors.

### Society at the Capital.

IT IS HONOR the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere, has gone west for the session of the House at the capital of the Western province, which, I believe, opens on July 6th. A month ago, little wotting of the change so soon to take place in Sir Henri's duties and position, Lady Joly went to their home in Quebec, after seven months spent in Ottawa, where she and her devoted and chivalrous husband have become almost fixtures at the Russell House. Lady Joly will not go west for some little time, as Sir Henri intends to return and conduct her to her new home after the British Columbia session closes.

Workmen are busy arranging and decorating Earncliffe for the occupancy of Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. E. Harriss. Mrs. Harriss bought in a lot of the best things at the late sale of the furniture formerly owned by Sir John Macdonald. A certain cosy settee, which has supported many a "grande dame" through different administrations, and which stood at right angles with a cheery grate fire on winter afternoons, when dear cronies took tea together, has remained at Earncliffe. "I've had my eye on it for a long time," said charming Mrs. Harriss after the sale.

As usual during Synod week, the Bishop and Mrs. Hamilton received the clergy and lay delegates one day last week. It was a fine enough day to make a lawn tea a very delightful event, and over two hundred guests were present. Refreshments were served under a large marquee.

On Wednesday of last week, Her Royal Highness Princess Arlbert left the capital. She left it, as an amused listener to the praises Her Royal Highness bestowed upon it remarked, only because she couldn't take it with her. The Governor-General and Lady Minto gave their distinguished guest many pleasant outings in and about Ottawa, the last one being a trolley trip on Tuesday to Britannia, on the new suburban line. The private car of the O. E. Line was in requisition, and seats were reserved for the smart excursionists at the band concert. The war canoe of the Britannia Rowing Club was on hand, and the Rideau Hall party were paddled about the lake in it. Lady Coke, Mademoiselle Von Chapens, Major and Mrs. Drummond and the aides were in Lady Minto's party for this jolly little outing.

I hear Sir Julian Pauncefote's place at Newport is being made very smart indeed, in anticipation of a visit from the Princess Arlbert. No particular raptures are indulged in over the Queen's grandchild, either here or in New York. She did not, I fancy, put herself out to be extra gracious to the public in general. Sir Julian entertained Her Royal Highness in Washington before she took her little run through part of Canada.

On Monday a very smart little tea was given by Miss Mildred MacPherson to a lot of her girl friends, among whom were Miss Roma King, for whose farewell tea was given, Miss Gabrielle Laverne, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Gwen Grant, Miss Sophie Tupper, Miss Mary Tupper, Miss Gwen Burn, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Bessie Keeler, Miss Avery, Miss Autley Fellows, Miss Alice Burbridge, and Miss Keeler.

At the garden party given in aid of the Children's Hospital there was a big attendance, including many of the Synod visitors, several parliamentarians, and any number of nice Ottawa men and women. The decorations, music (by the G.G.F.G.'s band), the weather, and the various booths, were very nice, and the crowd enjoyed it all greatly. At the flower table Mrs. Clayton was assisted by the Misses Mildred MacPherson, Fellows, Laverne, Mary Hamilton and Clayton. Miss Seymour, Miss Miller, Miss Powell and Miss Isbester were at the candy table. The ice cream table was in charge of Mrs. Gorrell. Associated with the ladies were the Misses White, Gorrell, McGee, MacCarthy, and Cecil Gorrell. At the work-table Mrs. Grant Powell was assisted by Miss Bishop and Miss LeSueur. Mrs. Powell, Mrs. Tilton, and Miss Nicholson received. On the committee in charge were Mesdames Grant Powell, Tilton, Clayton, Rothwell, Gorrell and Miss Seymour.

Dr. Robert Bell came home on the Lucania. Judge and Mrs. King and Miss Roma King left for Europe this week. Hon. Clifford Sifton and Mrs. Sifton are on their way home from Europe. The Minister of the Interior and Mrs. Sifton were banqueted at Glasgow by the civic dignitaries.

Miss May, who has been acting and studying in New York, is home until the end of July, for rest and recreation. Miss Gwen Grant is visiting in Niagara for some time. Miss Bell Neeve is visiting friends in Toronto, and will go, later on, to Guelph. Dr. Drowne, of the Russell Theater, and his handsome wife, have returned from New York and Saratoga. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Macdonald have been stopping at the Windsor, Montreal. Bishop Courtney, of Nova Scotia, with his chaplain, Ven. Archdeacon Kaulbach, passed through Ottawa en route for Australia to attend the grand Church Jubilee in the Antipodes. Colonel Kaulbach, M.P., brother of the chaplain, and a party of ladies, were at the station to meet the handsome bishop and Archdeacon Kaulbach.

Mr. Arthur Guise was at Kingston for the R. M. C. ball, and paid a flying visit to Toronto, where one of the smart young society matrons was his hostess.

Madame Laverne and Miss Gabrielle Laverne have gone to Murray Bay for the summer. The Misses Fanny and May Powell have gone for the season to Milton, North Dakota.

Mrs. Church and Miss Gwendolen Church have spent a short while in Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. Ned Skead are en villégiature near Ottawa.

Lady Minto and her guest, the Viscountess Coke, whose son is a midy on H.M.S. Crescent, are to pay a little visit to Quebec, where the warship now is.

Mrs. S. H. Fleming and her family left last week for Fernbank on the St. Lawrence, where they will summer, and where Miss Isobel Mackintosh will be their guest for a brief visit.

Mrs. J. B. Fraser gave a lawn party for her son Hugh on the twentieth, at her home in Cooper street, which was a bright afternoon for a jolly party of young folks.

On Tuesday, June 26, Mrs. Schreiber gave her home for the At Home of the ladies of Grace Church Altar Guild, of which event the Countess of Minto was patroness. The affair was at eight o'clock, and "Elmsleigh" was the rendezvous of the fashionables on that occasion.

Mrs. Neilson last week gave a charming children's party for Miss Pauline McMinn, with progressive games and a lovely supper.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

### Leaves From a Cynic's Diary.

MEN dignify their prejudices with the name of "opinions," and then marvel because there is always a bigger fund of error than of truth in the world.

It takes sledge-hammer blows to move hearts, but the slightest pin-prick makes people jump if it touches their pockets.

The voter who expects his party to live up to its professions ought first to go and attend to that part of his own duty.

Woman's dearest privilege is not to know her own mind, and man's dearest privilege is to think he knows other people's minds. These privileges are "dearest" in more senses than one.

The teetotaler who abstains because he fears himself is no more of a hero than the weakling who yields because he fears his associates.



## A Canadian Fete Dieu.

ONE thing Montreal can do, and do well. There are other things, of course, but in the matter of getting up unique festivals and processions the eastern city particularly excels. No other city on the American continent can combine fourteenth century and twentieth century civilization so happily and all unconsciously.

June 17 was the annual Fete Dieu, or Corpus Christi celebration, and by nine o'clock all of the "East End" and half the "West End" were on the streets, for the great pageant seems to lose none of its attractiveness, either to worshipper or spectator, as the years go by. People who fidget uneasily in the pews in church exceed the average length, can stand in line on the edge of a baking pavement for two mortal hours to see almost any kind of a procession, and the recent one was extremely interesting if only as a vivid reproduction of some scene from the Middle Ages.

There were thousands and thousands in the procession,



PASSING LAVAL UNIVERSITY.

and other thousands lining the streets, through which the procession passed unchecked by street car or cab; overhead the air was gay with banners and bunting, and inscriptions in French and Latin: *Louons le Seigneur, Magnus Dominus, Venite Adoremus, O Salutaris Hostia*, etc. A squad of police headed the line, followed by the banner of Notre Dame and its bearers. Black-robed sisters, with marble-white cheek and brow, walked slowly along, their hands meekly crossed and eyes bent upon the ground. Priests in cassocks and snowy surplices, freshly accordion-pleated for the occasion, passed singly and in groups. Angelic little girls in the white dresses and veils of their first communion, with wreaths on their heads, bore a flower-garlanded car with a statuette of the little Jesus. Boys from the seminaries kept their places with more or less evident indifference, being watched over and admonished by the young teachers of the Brotherhood, some of them austere and devoted, some jolly and hearty and free. Old men supporting trembling steps with a stout walking-stick; young men with a still worldly glance for the pretty girls on the pavement; old grand-dames muttering inaudible prayers; young women clothed in the pomps and vanities of the fashionable world—went quietly past in the stream. The Children of Mary, in long black gowns with white veils covering head and shoulders, bore on high the banner and statue of the Immaculate Conception. The members of the League of the Sacred Heart, the orphan charges of the three parishes, the cadets of Mounts St. Mary and St.



ANGELIC LITTLE GIRLS IN THE WHITE DRESSES AND VEILS OF THEIR FIRST COMMUNION.

Louis, the Ladies' Sodality of the Living Rosary, school children, clergy and laity, swelled the ranks of the procession, while all along the endless line arose a murmur of prayers and hymns and chanted psalms. Away in the distance a priest intoned a prayer, and the people responded "Priez pour nous." Here a youth with pale, rapt countenance chants *Miserere Mei* in a voice almost divine, and farther down the line a choir of sweet-voiced women raised the *Ora pro Nobis* upon the sun-filled air.

At last comes the *Dais*, canopied with cloth of gold, with clusters of perfect white ostrich tips nodding at the corners. At the passing of the Host, the faithful fall upon their knees, and a solemn hush stills the gossiping throngs upon the pavement. Even the unbelieving Hebrew looks less disdainful for the moment, and the jibbering Mongolian forgets to grin.

It takes a full hour for the long line to pass any given point along the route, so that it is after mid-day before the procession is again in the Place d'Armes. Guns in the harbor salute, the great Bourdon booms and roars in one tower of the Notre Dame, and the bells in the other clang and clash; the magnificent organ strains peal out over the heads of the waiting people. The procession, with its scores of banners, chanting priests and white-robed girls, marches slowly around the square where dark, grey, insurmountable stone buildings fill the place with shadows, even at noon-day. Then it passes between the ranks of its body-guard, the 65th, into the Cathedral, and the spectators disperse, bearing with them for a little while a sort of impression of having lived in the days of the Crusades.

E. B.

## The Ne'er-do-Well.

JIM McDONALD sat on the door-step and looked eastward across the prairie with a longing gaze. His pipe had gone out, but he kept poking the wee pinch of tobacco it contained with his great, blunt little finger and pulling away at the stem with his bearded lips. Inside the small wooden house, his wife was washing up the tea things. Three bare-footed children were romping in the prairie grass in the dying sunlight.

The house was rude and small, made of undressed lumber, and but partially covered with tarred paper. There were only two other dwellings in sight—far away on the verge of the prairie.

Jim McDonald did some hard and rather bitter thinking as he sat there looking across his newly-acquired acres.

He was a new settler in the North-West, though not a stranger to the prairie, for he had harvested there with gangs from Ontario the past two seasons. But those had been good years, and the prairie country seemed so different to Jim, to-night, he could scarcely realize it was the same land.

He had come from Bruce early in April, with apparently a new and more prosperous era opening up for him. Jim's father had been a Bruce pioneer, but had not left land enough for all the boys. Ronald, the eldest, took the farm, and the other brothers had been given good honest trades. Jim had learned waggon making—but that soon became one of the derelicts upon the sea of mechanical arts. Machinery and the factory had crowded Jim to the wall. Then he had moved to an Ontario town far from his old locality, where a bonus for a furniture factory had been carried. The factory was to have been a mammoth thing, and to have given work to hundreds. Jim had hoped to be amongst the fortunate ones, but somehow there were too many men for the number of jobs, and at last when he did get in, after long waiting, the wages were small for a man with a wife and family. Finally, the factory failed. Then he had been a "trucker," loading and unloading steamers at a lake port, but an ill-considered strike, which Jim didn't believe in at the time, but which the other men forced him to join, had destroyed that chance, for the strike failed, and "the Company" wouldn't take any of the old men back.

That same year he had first gone to the West with a harvesters' excursion, and been impressed with the opportunities for a poor man on the prairies. Again, the year following, he had repeated his experiment, and now this spring he had staked his little all in a wheat-crop on new land.

A wheat-crop, did I say? There was about as much chance of a crop of wheat from those parched, drought-tormented acres as of figs from thistles. For this was a bad year, and the whole country was crying out for rain.

So Jim McDonald sat and gazed eastward, and pondered why good luck, like a butterfly, always seemed to take wings just as he was about to seize it. He wondered whether there was such a thing as a personal Spirit of Ill Luck, like a personal devil, which pursued a man from pillar to post. Were there really people who were ne'er-do-wells, without any fault of their own? And had he, in some mysterious manner, been doomed to be one of them?

But just then Jim was aware that the air had grown sultry, and turning towards the west he saw a thunder-cloud gathering on the horizon. Before morning the rain came down in torrents. It did not last long, but it was enough to ward off utter ruin, and it made the big, helpless man, so pitiable and so discouraged, to dream sweet dreams, for he knew that he should have at least a thirty per cent. crop.

To a ne'er-do-well even a little good fortune is a great big blessing.

LANCE.

## The Sine Qua Non.

("M. Broca, a French chemist, claims to have discovered a serum which cures alcoholism."—Daily paper.)

They talked of the millennium, but, eh, I had my doot. Hoo sic a strange-like state o' things could ever come about; I airgued wi' the meenister till I was like tae weary him—I hadna heard a single word about this braw new serum.

Eh, Science! what a pow'r art thou! Nae mortal can divine The weird-like wonders thou wilt work—the marvels that be thine.

An' sure, o' a' thy meercles I doot there isna any o'm. Tae equal this, because, ye ken, it brings us the millennium.

Ye tak a drunk—they're easy got—say, ane wi' a deelerium; Jist gie the lad a spoonfu' o' this stuff they ca' the serum, An' ere it's goun, your drouthy loon becomes a stric' T. T., An' unco guid, an' like eneuch, an' elder o' the Free.

Ou aye, yon is the preeciple, an' bein' scientific, I wad hae likit fine tae test mysel' the new speecific, But first, ye ken, I maun be free. Weel, weel, anither spot 'll Mebbe bring on the fitin' state. Hi! lassie, whaur's the bottle? —Punch."

## The Camper Out and the Red Coat.

A COMPARISON

TO the man whose work confines him to the stuffiness of shop or office from year's end to year's end, camping out is an ideal pleasure.

There is something invigorating in the very thought of a holiday spent in the open air, far away from troublesome thoughts of business, sleeping under canvas, cooking and eating in woodland style, and as free from the trammels of civilization, so to speak, as the aboriginal Indian.

Camping sometimes works wonders. You will see a staid man of business, who is so engrossed in affairs that he almost lives at the shop or office.

He is particular, to the point of crankiness, about the fit and general appearance of his clothes. He will go into a tantrum if his meals are not ready on the minute and served "just so." When he lounges around the house he wants the softest cushions and the most comfortable couch on the premises. He is so averse to manual labor that he would not for five minutes manipulate a hose or trundle a wheelbarrow. But when he gets into the wilds of Muskoka with some kindred spirits, see the change! Thoughts of business are cast entirely from him. He goes placidly about in clothes that would grace a hobo. He fishes, rows, walks, wades, gathers firewood, and otherwise exerts himself as he would not think of doing at home. He helps cook his own meals over a camp-fire, and takes them at whatever hour he can get them, and is thankful. His downy couch is composed of the boughs of trees.

The camper-out is under no restraints. He goes to bed when he likes, and gets up when he likes. Is active when he pleases, and lounges when he pleases. Eats when he pleases, and does pretty nearly everything else when and how he pleases. He is not only under no restraints, but recognizes no authority.

There is something in the very Bohemianism and happy-go-luckiness of camping that appeals to most of us.

But what is it that appeals to those who go into camp with our citizen soldiery to perform the annual drill? Is it the (supposed) romance of the life of the soldier? Or is it the red coat, the brass buttons and the pipelay? Or is it merely the result of the workings of some strange microbe that scientists have not yet discovered, named and classified?

In the camp of the citizen soldiery we find no Bohemianism. The citizen soldier eats when and what somebody else pleases, and does pretty nearly everything else when and how somebody else pleases. He is surrounded by restraints. He is the bottom rung on the ladder of authority—and the occupants of the other rungs give him no opportunity to forget it. His discomforts are many; his comforts nil.

He sleeps on the hard ground, with an oilcloth and a blanket or two for bedding, eight of him in a very small tent, feet to the centerpole and head to the side. Now, this comes hard on the recruit who has been accustomed to a nice feather bed. The ground is none too soft to sleep on at any time; it is still less enticing when the citizen soldier has to lie on a knoll, with his head hanging down one side and his feet down the other. But one may become so habituated to even discomforts that their absence will annoy him, as was the case of the citizen soldier of unimpeach-

able veracity who was present at the first Niagara camp last year. Asked by some of his comrades-in-arms, the day after arriving home from camp, how he had slept the previous night, he said he had gone to bed in good time but had been very restless—couldn't get to sleep at all, in fact. After tossing about half the night, an idea suddenly struck him. He got up, and finding the water-pitcher providentially empty, took it to bed with him to represent the boulder he had been lying on in camp. He said he had a most beautiful sleep after that.

When the cannon booms and the "duty" band marches up the "lines" playing, at 5.30 a.m., the citizen soldier doesn't wake up, roll over, and go to sleep again—he gets up and hustles. And that tells his story for the remainder of the day—"hustle."

When the day is so hot that the sun fairly sets the ground on fire, he doesn't hunt a shady nook and take things easy. Instead, he is marched out to where the sun's rays beat their fiercest, and put through evolution after evolution—carrying the while, a heavy rifle, wearing an abominably weighty helmet, and clad in the "foolest" uniform for hot weather that ever soldier wore since the days of the armored knights of old—until he most heartily wishes that his drill instructors were in a still warmer place.

The shady nook wherein he eats his dinner is a stuffy little tent that appears to have been storing up heat all morning in readiness for him.

If it rains—well, he gets wet. His tent is in the open, and he has not the waterproofs and other handy articles of the Muskoka camper.

So that he may not become lazy when he is not drilling, he is supposed to spend a good part of the time pipeclaying, polishing, cleaning, and burnishing helmet, belt, buttons, buckles, and rifle.

He does not lie by the side of the water on a beautiful, calm, moonlit night, smoking his pipe or cigar, chatting with a companion, and feeling very well satisfied indeed with everything. Instead, he gets "inside the lines" at the prescribed hour, and when the bugles blow out their evening song, "Lights out!" he humbly obeys orders and goes to bed—unless, indeed, it be his lot to do "guard duty," and pace slowly up and down his lonely beat in the damp grass, rifle in hand, keen-eyed and vigilant, watching for the foe—and wishing to thunder that "relief" would get a move on.

And yet the citizen soldier—or some of him—will enlist for two, three, and even (though in rare instances) more, three-year terms. This is one of the anomalies of life that each observer has the opportunity of interpreting as he pleases.

Personally, I prefer Muskoka.

M. I. CAWBER.

## The Methodist Club.

THE Editor of "Saturday Night" has received the subjoined letters in regard to the proposed Methodist young men's club. Further discussion of the subject is invited. If every reader of "Saturday Night" who is interested in this question, and has ideas about it, will state his case, possibly the writer of the first of these letters will obtain a good deal in the way of suggestion.

Dear Sir,—I have just read with interest your remarks about the proposed down-town club for young men under Methodist auspices.

Taking Mr. J. R. L. Starr's remarks for a text, will you kindly give us your ideas as to getting hold of the young men who "graduate steadily out of the church"? In another paragraph you state—referring to Prof. Goldwin Smith's letter re municipal reform—that it is easy enough to make the statement that reform is needed, but you want more in the way of suggestion.

Applying this to your remarks about the young men's club, what would you suggest? The papers didn't report Mr. Parsons in full when the following statement was printed: "I believe that we degrade the church when we bring it down to a lunch-room, gymnasium, or reading-room." He is the same speaker who referred to muscular Christianity, I think, and he used the above-mentioned sentence as an argument in favor of a club, his idea being that he did not like these things—lunches, gymnasiums, and reading-rooms—in the church edifice, but outside, in a proper club-room or building.

The meeting referred to was very unanimously in favor of the scheme, and billiards, athletics and by some smoking, were suggested, and approved of. Then the approval of almost all of the city pastors and laymen had already been secured, and further it was very evident that the idea was something quite different from the Y.M.C.A. plan, and to exclude church matters, or meetings, entirely, which kills your "chapel" suggestion. The newspaper reports, therefore, you can see, were rather misleading.

I would be very glad if you would kindly give your views on this subject from our standpoint, and as I stated at the outset, using Mr. Starr's very frank (and true) remark as a text.

Yours truly, A. E. Huestis.

Dear Sir,—Apropos of your comments on the Church and the young man problem in this week's issue, I send you herewith an editorial from the current issue of a weekly paper I am editing. Being interested in the problem from the standpoint both of a young man and of a preacher, I have offered the suggestions in the article as a contribution towards its solution. I see little hope for a club to succeed on the lines proposed by the Methodists, while so many preachers of that and other bodies continue to hold such irrational ideas of what is legitimate for the Christian young man to be and do.

I have not time to write further now, for which you may be devoutly thankful, but possibly another time I may give expression to some views that have been forming in my mind from study and experience, if "Saturday Night" thinks the question deserving of discussion in its columns.

Yours very faithfully, S. John Duncan-Clark.

THE CHURCH AND THE YOUNG MAN.

Oakville "New Era."

Some one has said that dignity is not included among the fruit of the Spirit, and certainly ministerial dignity has no right to be. If there is one thing in the preacher's make-up more calculated than another to keep the average young

man at a distance, it is this "dignity of the cloth" that seems to stick out all over some of our modern religious leaders with a suggestion of "the public are requested not to touch." If a point of contact between the minister as the advocate of the gospel and the young man is to be found, the minister must begin by being touchable. It will not be enough for him to announce from his pulpit that he will be at home on such an evening to all who choose to visit him, for, as a matter of fact, much as some might like to, very few, if any, on the bare invitation will do so. The point of contact must be made in the majority of cases outside the pulpit, the church building, or the ministerial study. It will be most easily made in the store, the workshop, the field, or on the baseball diamond, where the life may be touched on its most manifest side. Here the preacher, who can lay aside the theological atmosphere, and cease to be for the time, in manner at least, the spiritual overseer of his flock, may make more headway in the regard and affection of his youthful proteges in half an hour, than in half a year by the ordinary "dignified" methods. Let him "add to his virtue, knowledge" of the conditions under which his young men are living, working, and enjoying themselves. Let him identify himself with all that is wholesome, clean and manly in sport and athletics. If he cannot play baseball or lacrosse, he can at least stand with the crowd and cheer his own boys. Let him go sometimes with the local team to visit a neighboring town when a match is on. Not with the intention of lecturing every fellow who slips up on a bit of profanity, smokes a cigar or otherwise indulges in what from a ministerial standpoint might be reprehensible; but to keep his eyes and ears open, to learn something of a young man's temptations, to encourage all that is best in the features of the outing or the game, and to discourage what is evil more by example and attitude than by precept. Remember you can preach all you like in your pulpit; but you can only live what you preach to advantage when you take your life out into the circle of your fellowmen. And, after all, it is the life sermon that counts. If we remember aright, Paul said, "I am all things to all men, that by all means I may save some." Men are many-sided, and the minister who is one-sided will fall far short of achieving what he might. Spirituality does not consist either in long prayers, long faces, or long coats. It is not confined to localities of peculiarly sacred associations. Spirituality is nothing more nor less than the recognition of the presence of God. God is all present, and the preacher who cannot recognize Him in the work-shop or on the athletic field, is not in the truest sense a spiritual man. There is no greater attractive power for young men than the beautiful manhood of Christ; but they cannot see it to advantage in the pulpit or the study. You must show it to them in the more active spheres of living if you would win their admiration and love for the Son of Man. He said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me," and there are more advantageous places upon which to exalt Him than the platform or pulpit.

## Interesting Figures in Current Events.

Aguinardo, "the much-killed" Filipino patriot, is a spectre in United States politics that is as hard to get rid of as the proverbial cat with nine lives. The success with which he has eluded every attempt at capture places him on a par with the notorious Osman Digna. The man is probably entitled to much sincere admiration.

Carl Schurz, one of the best informed and sanest of "Americans," thinks the Filipinos have been very badly used by his country, and sympathizes with Aguinardo's resistance. In a recent speech, Mr. Schurz challenged denial of the following facts: "First—That Congress had solemnly declared in the beginning that Cuba ought to be free and independent.

"Second—That before the treaty with Spain, those who knew, from Dewey down, had declared the Filipinos even more capable of governing themselves than the Cubans.

"Third—That while the Filipinos were fighting for us and against Spain, as our allies, we permitted them in every possible way unofficially to believe that we were helping them to their independence. And after we had bought off Spain, basely turned on them.

"Fourth—That we have been, and are now, engaged in killing off these people at the rate of one thousand to fifteen hundred a month, for the purposes of 'Benevolent Assimilation.'

"Fifth—That the entire Administration, from the President down, and aided and abetted by the press, has been engaged in a systematic attempt, by misstatements and other tricks, to keep the actual facts from the people."

The Shah of Persia, who is visiting the Paris Exposition, and will later on be the guest of Queen Victoria, has been causing much annoyance in the official world wherever he has gone by his Oriental disregard of time, making no attempt to keep appointments on the day fixed. The papers record that the Shah creates wonderment by having all the courses of his meals served before him at the same time, and by dipping into them irregularly, in utter defiance of gastronomic rules. His general demeanor, however, and his kindly actions have made a most favorable impression. His favorite wife is with him on this tour.

## Not a Bad 'Sit.'

After all, worse things can happen to a man—even to an English nobleman—than to become the Viceroy of Ireland, says Labouchere in "Truth." The annual salary is twenty thousand pounds, with two residences kept up by the State. The extras are innumerable, especially in the way of patronage and the power to help needy friends. Dublin is only a few hours distant from London, and, if the passage across the Irish sea has painful possibilities, the unpleasantness is of very short duration. Every Viceroy on fulfilling a term of office gets a step in the peerage, or some other honor of the star-and-ribbon kind. With all this, it is the affection of noblemen who fill this place to pose as martyrs to duty—as men whose self-sacrifice deserves well of their country. The attitude, in this age of pose, has usually had impressive and success. The wonder is that up to this no Irish Viceroy has received the Victoria Cross for holding office amongst the mere Irish. Perhaps it may be reserved for Lord Salisbury to establish this Viceregal precedent.

## Lived One Hundred and Thirty-three Years.

Southern California is famous for its Indian centenarians, most of whom are able to establish the date of their birth in Franciscan mission records. Last week in San Diego county there died, at the great age of 133 years, Augustine, chief of the Sequoia tribe of Indians. He had ruled the tribe over one hundred years, and in all that time had never been incapacitated by sickness for more than one day at a time.

## High Praise.



Sunny Slope—So you enlisted in de militia fer de annual camp? How did yer like it?  
Northern Lite—Oh, it wuz simply great! Only fer de grub, de drills, de clothes, de tents an' de pay, it would lay way over de average penitentiary.



## TRANSPORTATION—RAIL AND WATER

## NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

Lahn, Tuesday, July 10, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Maria Theresia, Tuesday, July 17, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Augusta, Tuesday, July 24, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Victoria, Tuesday, July 31, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Elisabeth, Tuesday, August 7, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, Tuesday, August 14, 10 a.m.

New York, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

Barbarossa, Thursday, July 12, 10 a.m.  
Koenig Luise, Thursday, July 19, 10 a.m.  
Friedrich der Grosse, Thursday, July 26, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Victoria, Thursday, August 2, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Elisabeth, Thursday, August 9, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, Thursday, August 16, 10 a.m.

## MEDITERRANEAN

GIBRALTAR, NAPLES, GENOA.

Kaiserin Wilhelmina, Tuesday, July 24, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Victoria, Tuesday, July 31, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Elisabeth, Tuesday, August 7, 10 a.m.  
Kaiserin Wilhelmina, Tuesday, August 14, 10 a.m.

## BARLOW GUMBERLAND

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Sailing Wednesdays at 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, July 24, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, July 31, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, August 7, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, August 14, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, August 21, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, August 28, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, September 4, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, September 11, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, September 18, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, September 25, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, October 2, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, October 9, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, October 16, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, October 23, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, October 30, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, November 6, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, November 13, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, November 20, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, November 27, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, December 4, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, December 11, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, December 18, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, December 25, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, January 1, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, January 8, 10 a.m.

St. Louis, Tuesday, January 15, 10 a.m.

St. Paul, Tuesday, January 22, 10 a.m.

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pointed out that Southampton was in England.

"We are perfectly aware of it," replied the Japanese ambassador, "and Han-Yang is in Korea."

It is a matter of common knowledge that President Kruger, disappointed and aggrieved beyond measure at the failure of General Cronje's attacks on Mafeking, forwarded certain more or less barbed messages to General Cronje's successor, General Snyman, on the subject of that officer's inability to do what his predecessor had perforce to leave undone. Similarly, when the Chevalier Bayard, without artillery and with only two thousand men, successfully defended Mafeking against the Count of Nassau and forty thousand men with one hundred guns, Mary of Hungary scornfully asked the Spanish commander how it came to pass that with such a host at his disposal he failed to take "a crazy pigeon-house!" the count's reply was, "Because there was an eagle in it." So might Snyman have answered Kruger.

The following anecdote about the Crown Prince (afterwards Kaiser Frederick) is amusing: The Crown Prince worked one day at Versailles through the King's anti-chamber, which was teeming with officers. He said to the sentinel on duty before the door leading to His Majesty's private apartment: "Has the King come back?"

"The sentinel was a Saxon, and replied as he presented arms:

"Why, yes, your Royal Highness, your dear papa (Papachen) has just gone into his room."

The Crown Prince did not want to put the man under arrest, but he said to the aide-de-camp in a half-whisper:

"Is he drunk?"

"The sentinel, overhearing the remark, still at the 'present arms,' replied for the officer:

"There were no traces of that, your Royal Highness."

Twenty years ago "Old Dick Goldsborough" of Melbourne, the best-known broker and squatters' agent in Australia, was visiting London, and organized a party of Australians for the Derby.

They drove down in great style, with a flag displaying a huge Emu on top of the coach. Refreshments were plentiful, and the visitors to the coach during the afternoon were numerous.

Among them was a naval officer who had served on the Australian station and who had previously met most of the Goldsborough party.

"Why on earth didn't you come to us at lunch time?" said old Dick, handing the officer a tumbler of champagne. "Well, to tell the truth, old man," said the son of Neptune, glancing uneasily at the flag, "I thought, at a distance, that you were a lot of damned tailors, and that you had brought your goose with you."

The flag was not displayed on the homeward journey.

During his last term as governor "Bob" Taylor of Tennessee, in the great kindness of his heart, had pardoned so many persons who had been imprisoned for larcenies that had been brought about by the poverty of the culprits, that the partisan papers antagonistic to him were making his life miserable.

One day an old negro mammy, who had known the governor from his childhood, came into his office and began at once to plead for the pardon of her husband, who was then in prison.

"Laws bress yo' life, Marse Bob," she began, "I wint you'd pardon dat po' ole nigrah Jim. He ain't no good for nuffin now, whar he jes dat useless an' triffin', even at home, dat he can do no mo' den sorter scrape round an' git a little sorpen for we-all to eat, an' he sholy ain't no good down dar in dat pen."

"I can't do it, Aunt Easter," the governor began; "I am being abused every day."

"What's Jim in there for?" he suddenly asked, seeing the little light that came off the side of the old woman's dappled eyes.

"W'y, Marse Bob, dey jes put him in dar for nuffin' 'pon earth 'cep' takin' one po' little ole ham outen Mr. Smif's smoke-house. We was outen meat, an' de po' ole nigrah didn't do nuffin' 'cep' tek de ham fur ter ke-n we-all fum starvin'."

"Well, now, suppose I should pardon Jim, what good would that do you? He is so onery and triffin'."

The governor was saying, when the old woman broke in with this reply: "W'y, bress yo' life, Marse Bob, we is outen meat ag'in, an' we's jes' got to have another ham."

The Yankees at the Paris Fair.

"We begin to get good accounts of the Paris Fair," admits "Harper's Weekly."

"As it becomes more nearly complete it gives better satisfaction. Mr. Nixon, the ship-builder, who came back from Europe the other day, told the newspaper reporters that it was a first-rate show."

Nobody has said yet that it was not up to the Chicago Fair. It has been reported that the means of getting about in Paris are inadequate, and that it is hard to get to the Fair unless you walk, but doubtless there will be improvement in that as well as in other things."

Although the Yankees have been kicking up the most dust about the alleged fake character of the Fair and instituting invidious comparisons between it and the Chicago show, it turns out that the most unsatisfactory and ill-done thing at Paris is their own pavilion. The same paper, in the very issue in which the above paragraph appears, states that "there are conflicting reports about the American pavilion. Some newspapers have testified that its construction is unsafe, and that it won't hold a crowd without great danger of falling in on them. Other papers say that it is all right, but unless Americans in Paris have better assurances about its construction than Americans at home have, it is not likely to be disagreeably crowded."

A little girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her ill.

"Well," said she, "give me another piece and send for the doctor."—"Till-Bits."

## Summer Girls.

War's Hard Lesson. When China Breaks Loose.

THIS week I have a letter which comes from an early visitor at a summer resort. "I got here before the cobwebs were off the porch or the 'To Let's' torn from the neighboring houses. I have had a peaceful month, and now I fly before the hordes of children, excursionists and general undesirables, where to? Back to Toronto, dear lady, where you'll find me at the old stand any afternoon at five, with the teapot and the claret-ginger-ale mixture you know of." This is a comforting sort of a summer girl, and her quiet month of June has toned her up to be the companion one longs for in July. Another letter says: "Good bye, dear old girl; I'm off to the mountains. I shall send you a pine-needle cushion and my picture in a hammock. Can't you smell the pines?" And yet another: "For the last time I come to you to ask advice. After this I shall not need to, for I am to be married on the longest day in the year." And pray, my dear, do you think there will be no little matters I can tell you about in the next five years or so? I think I read your next letter! Well, well, you're not the first girl who thought getting married was the climax of her life, with paradise ever after. I wonder how they escape hearing from their neighbors what little grease they are. But perhaps they only betray themselves to a pen and ink person!

A summer girl must be several things to reap success as a delightful fact and a delicious memory. In the first place, she must be clean. Girls who would shudder at an unbrushed frock or coat in winter will loathe all day and dance in the evening in muslins or piques which have become drugged in a damp row boat or grimy on the beach. To be comfortable and keep spick and span is the impossible with some make of girl. She wears a crisp muslin in the dewy eve until it grows limp, and a hot pigtail at burning noonday, and she forgets to put on her invisible net on windy days and to twist up her straight locks for half an hour between drinks so that she may be trim and curly when she comes before the public. If there be a water hole within five miles she will step in it with her white shoes or best slippers, all the brambles catch her, and she yank her hair, because she never takes care of her steps or her surroundings. The infinite pains about little things which fusses one to death in the boudoir, is so rare "en plein air," that the summer girl scarcely ever realizes it as a means to distinction. Have you ever noticed a crisp, crinkly, dewy head of lettuce and passed by after it has lain on the dusty show-board of a greengrocer's shop all day? In its pristine freshness and its after sudden unpleasantness it recalls the memory of the trim and the untidy summer girl.

A pathetic touch in connection with the war in South Africa came in the picture of the homecoming to those two soldiers who were so badly wounded that they were of no further account as bullet-stoppers or fever patients. "Like Paradise" were the quiet, secure, peaceful home nests to these two, who had left them so bravely a few months ago. One can feel the relaxation of the strain of that strenuous time, when the boys learned to be parched and starved and bleeding and exhausted physically and mentally without murmuring against their fate. "Tis a great lesson our young men are learning out there—met with remonstrance, amazement, sometimes rueful mirth, as the letters home have shown. Under the task set in life's school since last October we have seen developed the squealer, the pinner, the baby and the brave man. We have quietly marked them as they went, and actions gave us the clue; we shall not forget the marks when they, please God, come home!"

A throb has gone through the world's great heart of loving recognition of the goodness and humanity of the little chap at their head. I think a small bible for use in the schools might be made of the anecdotes being told of Lord Roberts since he landed in South Africa. Everywhere the golden heart of the little warrior proves its metal. It is surely the double distilled essence of love to great and small man, woman, child and dumb cattle, that runs through the staunch veins of the man whose material honors may be just what he wishes. They may make him a Duke in England, and give him money; they probably will; but there and in this far land they will give him better things—recognition and precedence among the good hearts and the well-patterned lives which stand close to what we call, in our wish to say something very high and holy, the throne of God.

Those whose prophecies you and I smiled at some years ago that the end of the century would see the nations involved in war, may now, if they have the heart, bestow a superior grin upon us. The yellow terror seemed to be loosed in good earnest, and the passing of a tax on immigrant Chinese seems a very appropriate measure just now. They say Irish folk have a peculiar dislike to the almond-eyed people, and if even those Inniskillins or Dublin Fusiliers reach the Flowery Kingdom on business they will do things to their enemies quite outside the inspiration engendered by their patriotic duty. I should think that the prospect of a possibility of being done to death by a Chinaman would have for an Irish Tommy about the same degree of humiliation and horror that being run over by an ice wagon has for the spry cyclist. Boers are men, no matter how "slim" and treacherous they may be, Chinamen are, somehow, not above suspicion in the average mind of being some uncanny creation, a brotherhood with which one involuntarily rejects, in spite of logic and missionaries. It is a curious thing that those whose opportunities give them great facilities for observ-

ing the why and the wherefore of the war are whispering that to those missionaries, especially the women, is to be charged, however little they intended it, much of the devilment working in the Oriental mind and provoking them to European blood-letting. Religious influence, upon a disciple of Confucius, by a follower of the Christ, seems scarcely likely to be potent, and the poor missionaries who have met hideous deaths time and again in China have new this last onus laid upon them, of being a strong provocation of the present rumpus.

LADY GAY.



Tommy Bates (the elevator boy)—Hurry and catch on if you want to go up!

## A Former Torontonian Honored.

Oxford, this spring, confers honorary degrees on four Americans. She makes Professor Charles Elliot Norton, of Harvard, a Doctor of Civil Law; the Rev. Morgan Dix, of New York, a Doctor of Divinity; and Professors Charles F. Chandler, of Columbia, and J. Mark Baldwin, of Princeton, Doctors of Science. Professor Norton and Dr. Dix we all know. Dr. Chandler is Professor of Chemistry in the School of Mines at Columbia, and was one of the founders of the school. He graduated from Göttingen in 1856, became a Professor of Chemistry at Union College, and came to New York in 1864. He is a member of many scientific societies, and last year the International Society of Chemical Industry chose him for its president. Majority of its members are British, so that the selection of Professor Chandler was a special honor. Dr. Baldwin is Professor of Psychology at Princeton, and was formerly professor at Toronto University. He graduated from Princeton in 1854, and returned there as professor in 1893. The honor paid him by Oxford is significant of the growing respect felt by men of science for psychology.

## Curbing the Money Power.

It is lucky for the heads of the trusts that they don't live in Turkey, says "Collier's Weekly." This story is told of a former Sultan of Turkey or Shah of Persia who was visiting England. One day he was driving with the Prince of Wales, when the latter pointed out the home of the Duke of Westminster, saying that it was the abiding place of his richest subject.

"How rich is he?" enquired the Eastern potentate with interest.

"Oh, enormously wealthy, beyond all calculation!" returned the Prince.

"Do you mean to tell me he is richer than you are, and yet your subject?" was the next question from the visitor.

"Richer than I am?" laughed England's future King. "Indeed he is. Ten, possibly twenty times richer."

"Then why don't you cut off his head?" murmured the foreign ruler, as he settled back in his seat.

## The Thread Monopoly.

Sir Thomas Glen Coats, who has been chosen as the Liberal candidate for West Renfrewshire at the next election in Great Britain, is the great Paisley cotton magnate, and the head of the great thread monopoly. His firm, the well-known Messrs. J. and P. Coats, Limited, is one of the largest and most successful concerns in the world. Their £10 shares are now standing at £76 1-2, representing a capital value of about thirty millions sterling. The Messrs. Coats first of all



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bought over the great opposition firm of Messrs. Clark, and have continued to take over other rivals, until they have now almost complete control of the cotton thread market throughout the world.

"Ah," she sighed, as she looked pensively out across the spreading fields, "there's nothing so rare as a day in June."

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, with recollections of recent experiences at the club, "four kings are not so plentiful."—Chicago "Times-Herald."

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Co. correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

The Prince—Your Highness was good to send me a long letter just when I had leisure to enjoy it. The small endorsement in the corner caused me to open it at once. So you are an August child. Well, they are warm babies. Don't be too introspective, but your discipline is very fine. I, too, mistrust the emotions. They always land me in some "cul de sac" from which I retire backwards with much chagrin and many vows for the future. In regard to the other one, I would remind you that we can't all be Chinese. His nature is doubtless very different from yours and may not attract you. Sounds like the idealistic devotion of a March man. They adore brains, and you send me an address which the post office will honor I might also contribute to your reading matter later on. In the meantime shall be glad of news and notes of your holiday.

René—The Victoria Dramatic Club is purely an amateur club and composed of young society people who are intimately known to one another. If you have the entrée to their circle there will be no difficulty in proving your talent. Suppose you were to write to one of the members, Mr. Gerald Wade, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. 2. Your writing is excellent. Generosity, imagination and a good self-reliance are shown. You are pessimistic rather than hopeful, but the mind is broad and strong. Discretion is absolute, materialism marked. You have strong ambition, yet ungratified. Don't make it of too much importance in your life. You will do fine work with your force and perseverance, if you are careful. Your evidently practical turn is very promising.

A Daughter of the Regiment.—And so you like the dear Bobs, too, my dear? Well, so do we all. He's a rare good one every way. But, indeed, you mustn't ask me to pick you to pieces, for you aren't ready for dissection. The hand is fine, with generous and honest traits, and will be better. Train yourself to close those o's and a's at the top, and every time you do so remember that you may also train your mouth the same way. Too much talking is often disastrous.

Puss.—You blessed child, I can fancy what a firebrand you'd be among "the dry old sticks of English girls" at that boarding-school. And so you love the dumb brutes, too? They are sure to know you care for them. One can always tell. Do you know I have the same experience, and yesterday the very most awfully hateful little canine came and sat on my best lace inserted gown, and I was so proud he so honored me that I forgave him the crushing of the gown. You are right about the check rein. It hurts my neck, too—sort of aches between my ears and shoulders when I see it on a poor horse. Your writing is a bit uncertain. Your impulse yet wavers a good deal. Close your a's and o's as I've just told the other girls. Don't run to superlatives; it shows want of judgment and careless thought. You are adaptable, positive and a bit impatient, bright in perception, tenacious, fond of motion and ever ready for a change. I should think you were a pretty good hand for those "in authority over you," if any such live to tell the tale.

B. C.—I told all I knew, my dear. You could "rustle" for twenty-five cents if you once got the machinery going, but I fancy Toronto people were a bit slow to catch on. It was a good thing they let slip by them. Did you not get one yourself after all? I hope so.

Derma.—There is no one in town more reliable nor better qualified to help you than the Garvalsa Graham people, in Carlton street. Look in our columns for their ad. Don't neglect the trouble, and be sure and look after those teeth. It is a blessing one cannot estimate too highly to have your toes and grinders in good order. As to the arsenical soap, I once found it very nice, and intend to get some more. You will find the address of the agent also in our columns. If you tan brown I'd not try to prevent it, or rather cure it. If you tan red you must let me make up your mind to keep out of the sun. The glare on the lake will be just as bad as the sun, so you see what a good chance you have of escaping on coast, a yacht. Put on some cream, which you can get from the people above mentioned, when you retire for your midday



## Studio and Gallery

THE history of stained glass in any country is the history of the art of that country epitomized. It embodies more than the art history, for in it we may also read records which are of historic interest socially. The Italians—with their love of glowing colors and their keen sense of the natural conjunction of color with form, in their architecture, with their great artists to furnish such designs, and with the prevailing idea, especially of the church, to teach by the means of art—produced and have left perhaps the best illustrations of stained glass. The parish church at Alnwick, of modern art, comes nearest the great art of earlier periods. The glory of many British cathedrals is their stained glass. A few good samples are to be found here. The beautiful window in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, some of that in St. James' Cathedral, both important work, give an idea of what magnificence of decoration stained glass is capable of. This form of decoration goes with the older civilization, with culture, and with wealth, and we are not conspicuous for our art in glass. Our artists have designed little which is suitable. Its art is an art by itself, and we could never conceive of the flippant or illiterate artist finding church glass a congenial field. We will not be prominent in this art until our greatest artists make it a serious study. Those who know the field here tell us that the desire for artistic glass is markedly on the increase. Of the demand for domestic art glass there can be no doubt. What a beautiful accessory to domestic furnishing is artistic glass! But we are thinking more particularly of ecclesiastical glass and that for municipal purposes. What a gorgeous furnishing is the beautiful window of the new City Hall, executed by R. McCausland, of this city.

St. Simon's Church also contains some of their work, as do also Trinity College, St. John's Chapel, and many places of worship, both in Canada and out of it. The reputation they have established is of long standing and of wide extent. The best in English art they are familiar with, and their work bears the mark of intelligent art sense, and appropriateness.

We are always gratified when good results are apparent from our missionary efforts in the interests of art. Especially is this so when the leading centers of civilization are affected by our propaganda. San Francisco, now acknowledges publicly, for the first time likely, that its billboards and huge fences are "the greatest disfigurements" of its streets. So the supervisors of the city, probably being readers of "Saturday Night," have now decided, "after much argument," to limit the height of billboards and fences to ten feet. What a pity they did not carry the argument to its logical conclusion, and until the fences were reduced to inches, not feet. It is cheerful news, however, at ten feet, and shows that the eyes of the community are sore from the contemplation of billboards and huge fences around vacant lots. We wish our "city supervisors," or our Woman's Association, which stands for art in our midst, or the Guild of Civic Art, whose mission in life is just along this line, or our Local Council of Women, who cover nearly all the ground of our needs, would, any of them, or all of them, turn their attention to the beautifying of our city streets, both by destruction and construction.

"How is it," says London "Truth," "that a millionaire never keeps an artist?" It used to be a common thing for noblemen of position to indulge in the luxury of a domestic chaplain. In fact, there are a few magnates who still include one in their households. Poets, as we know, too, have been kept on the establishments of enterprising tradesmen even within living memory. And but a week or two ago I read of the son of a famous American "boss"—known locally, I believe, as the "Canning King"—who had caused considerable sensation amongst the dukes of Chicago by announcing his intention of keeping his own private tailor—an eminent, snip-pledged to devote his skill solely to the sartorial needs of his master. But no millionaire, I repeat, has ever yet thought him of keeping an artist. Had I made a corner in pickled pork myself, or successfully "bossed" a syndicate in ole-

margarine, I should certainly open negotiations with a painter of promise without delay. Diplomatic tact would, of course, be required to avoid offending his aesthetic susceptibilities, but this duly guarded against, I see no reason why the association of capital and art might not be made mutually satisfactory." And then the writer in "Truth" proceeds to outline his programme, how he would keep his artist busy. This programme would be affected by local conditions, but the idea is medieval, not new at all. What we need more of here is certainly the greater combination of art and capital.

To obtain the time and seclusion favorable to the development of himself as an artist, and to place himself in more immediate touch with nature than is possible in our crowded city, J. Arch. Browne, A.R.C.A., retired about two years ago to the suburbs of Toronto. Evidently the results have approved the wisdom of this move, for Mr. Browne is with us again in a state of physical robustness, and with a breeziness and breadth of artistic sentiment and technique which fairly justify his step. Mr. Browne has pinned three words to his easel to be perpetually in view. These are



EXAMPLES OF CANADIAN ART, No. 9—NEAR THE DON, BY O. P. STAPLES, U.S.A.

"Light," "Color," "Air," and embody his art creed, and unlike most of us, his written creed and his habitual practice are in obvious harmony. Moreover, he is further in advance of the usual in human conduct, inasmuch as his practice exceeds his creed, for while he has not included breadth or scope in his expressed creed, it speaks loudly from his work. Landscape is Mr. Browne's art terrain. Canadian landscape, he holds, to be truly characteristic, should convey some idea of vastness. It cannot be so well represented in the small, or rather minute, and certainly trivial treatment noticeable in some nice pictures. An artist with such a creed, concentrating his energies upon its fulfillment, must accomplish something in art. To live, with Mr. Browne, is to paint, and with apostolic enthusiasm he can say, "Woe be unto me if I paint not." The landscapes which Mr. Browne has brought from his suburban home to his city studio in the Land Security Building show very marked progress indeed. A large one conveys specially the idea of vastness, and it is suffused with light and air. The clouds are so light in weight, so fleecy, so charged with motion, we find ourselves waiting until they fly past before the wind. Beautiful color is also another charm of Mr. Browne's work.

The annual display of the pupils of Miss Mary Martin's class in Bloor Street College was not in any measure behind that of last year's, either in quantity or quality. The water color exhibit was the largest, the work in landscape, flowers and decorative work for photo frames, being quite plentiful. The art class averaged fifteen, and gave ample proof of the painstaking care given them by Miss Martin during the year. Miss Lila Gibson carries home with her a diploma, having graduated in this department. Certificates were granted Miss Bessie McFliggin, Miss Florence Black, Miss Edith McNair, and Miss McQueen, in water colors and black-and-white.

The art department of St. Margaret's College is, like the other departments, in methods and efficient in management. Miss Laura Muntz is the Art Director, and under her instructions a new art room is now in course of construction. A well-lighted, artistic studio will be the result. Miss Harrison teaches a class in china painting in Dresden; Dolton decoration is taught by Mrs. Kitchen. Several attractive pieces of both these forms of decoration, the work of the pupils, were on view in connection with the closing exercises of the college. Classes were also held during the year in black-and-white, wash drawing, and pen-and-ink for illustration, and water color work of modern methods and capable technique. Art needle work is taught by Mrs. Kenley and Mrs. Wadsworth. There is certainly nothing lacking in St. Margaret's to give its pupils the best of training in art in several of its branches.

JEAN GRANT.

"How are you getting on with your photography?"

"Well," answered the young man with brown finger tips, "I'm doing better. The snap-shot portrait I took of Mr. Curmudge must have been recognizable."

"You are sure of that?"

"Perfectly; for as soon as Curmudge saw it he said he could whip the man who made that picture."—Washington "Star."

"And what does the story of the prodigal son teach us?" asked the teacher.

"It teaches us how to get the fat calf," was the prompt reply of the bad boy at the foot of the class—Chicago "Post."

## English History for French Schools.

EDITED BY HENRI TROPPOINT.

WHAT did Guillaume after the Battle of Hastings? He took the whole of England, subjugating Hereford, named "The Awake," because he had always one eye open.

What was the character of Guillaume? He was a brave warrior, of a prodigious strength, and also an author. What was his principal work? Doomsday Book, a treatise on the final doom of perditional Albion. Guillaume was the first of the French kings of England.

And the others? They were Guillaume II., Henri Beauclerc, Etienne, Comte de Blois, Henri d'Anjou, Richard Cœur de Lion, Jean Sanserre, Henri III., Edouard Longchamp (written by the English "Longshanks"), Edouard II., Edouard III., and Richard de Bordeaux.

What was the principal event of this period? Jean Sanserre was forced by the rebel English Barons to grant them the Great Charter of "Habeas Cor-

pus." These two Latin words, "Thou mayest have the body," were the cry of the English brigands to the friends of those whom they had massacred. At the commencement of the battle they cried "Money or life!" Thus commenced the first of the "Chartered Companies" of England, associations of pirates, of which the last, the Chartered of South Africa, presided by Sir Rhodes, has been justly denounced by M. Tropoint and other distinguished writers in France.

What did Jean Sanserre? He sustained an unequal struggle against the Chartered of South England, but in fine vanquished; he was drowned by the rebels in a laundry called the "Wash" (blanchisserie anglaise).

Was England then governed by the Chartered? No, Louis, King of France, debarked at Sandwich, one of the seven ports, which the English, ignorant of French, call the Cinque Ports, instead of the Sept Ports. Sandwich is the country of origin of the "sandwich," eaten by the English at all the restaurants. Also, from the most ancient times, the English have played there a game called "the golf," because it is played on the sandy shore of a golf. The Directors of the Chartered of South England were all barons, as the directors of most companies at present called "guinea bags," as they put guineas in the pockets of their trousers, or bag. They were playing, therefore, at the golf, game of the nobles, when Louis debarked and vanquished them. England again conquered by a Frenchman.

Was Louis King of England? No, He permitted Henri III., son of Jean Sanserre, to succeed his father, Opposed by the rebels of the Chartered.

Who was the greatest of the French Kings of England? Edouard III. He disputed with Jean, King of France, and conquered him in battle at Poitiers. This is not surprising, as Edouard himself was a Frenchman. The King Jean died in prison, at London, in the palace of the Savoy, now a hotel. Edouard besieged Calais, and at first was persuaded by the English mercenaries to massacre all the inhabitants, as did always the English pirates. Then he refused to murder more than six, and finally he pardoned even these last. This King himself was truly French, since he founded an order of chivalerie with the garter of a lady, which would have been "shocking" for an Englishman, and gave a French device to the order. He conquered also Scotland, province of England. The inhabitants of Scotland, the Scotchmen or Highlanders, have always detested the English. Even at present the name English is odious to a Scotcher.

Who was the last French King of England? Richard of Bordeaux. What sad fate for a Bordeaux, always so gay, so animated, to govern a people sad and mournful as the English! He was assassinated in 1400 by Henry IV., son of a Belgian Prince, Jean de Gaud. Thus the first successor of the French Kings was only a Belgian.—H. D. B., in "Punch."

## Successful Players.

The Sydney, C.B., and St. John's, Nfld., papers speak very highly of the performances of Shakespearean and other high class plays given in those cities by the Lyceum Company, owned and managed by Shipman Brothers, of Toronto. This company, it is understood, has had a highly successful season throughout, fully justifying the contention of its proprietors that there is a public demand for the best class of plays even in the smaller centers, where the taste for the drama is not so highly cultivated as it is in large cities.

## McLachlan's Poems.

IT is the custom to sneer at minor poets and verse-writers in general, and as a rule the verse-writers have themselves to thank. They rush into print with ill-digested thoughts, and ignorantly framed measures, and they utterly fail to exercise the critical faculty upon their own work which they would the least and squint upon the exercises of a brother poet. Self-complacency, in fact, is characteristic of the verse-monger. We feel inclined to plead some justification for him, however, when we consider such a volume as that of the poems of the late Alexander McLachlan, upon which several able editors have expended much labor, and yet have exhibited almost as much complacency and lenience of judgment as almost any young author for his own compositions. Probably under the circumstances this was what was expected of them, but it is certain that there is very much in the volume which, though exceedingly good by ordinary standards, would not be included by an editor of twenty-five years hence. Had the principle of exclusion been as severe as it is likely to be exercised in that time, it is more than probable that a wider popularity would be given to the really notable poem which McLachlan has written. The average reader will not waste through four hundred pages to find these, but if they had been gathered into fifty the fame of the poet would have been more certainly assured.

There are not a few, however, who will be glad to have every line of the collection, and there can be no doubt that they express the heart and sympathy of a wholesome and restrained soul, which loved humanity and communion with nature. There may not always be the literary workmanship of the Jeweller's art of words; and as he has been called the Burns of Canada, it may be remembered that the greatest of Scots was said to have "pecked not of those innumerable traditions, as citations, connotations, surprises, as it were, which make up the romantic and the literary life of words," and that in this respect he is in no way superior to Burns in handling English. But young Canadians could gain fully as much from a study of the best of McLachlan as they could from a similar quarry of Burns. His admirable moral and heroic ideals have all the vigor and purity of our new national life, and he brings to their appreciation all the native shrewdness and the practical spirit of the older land.

The enunciation of the commonplace has become a fine art, and it is all in the interest of the commonplace mind. The jingling ornament of a familiar thought is the ordinary man's attraction to "poetry," and it is wiser to recognize it, with his preference for the jig and the reel, the barrel-organ or the most abandoned fiddling, than to torment him with apes and triangles. The eagle and the swan are magnificent creatures, but the barn-door fowl is not redundant and the cackle of the barn-door poet is a more satisfactory anthem to the man on the street or the lady of the farm than a swan-song in Thule. So there is justification for the army of "innumerable," and when we meet one like McLachlan, who never sinks below the slings-and-arrows, and who frequently touches the cloud-line of the peaks, we may trust that his writings will draw many to the atmosphere of his most inspired moments.

Readers will look in vain in McLachlan for the erotic sentiment of which Burns was such a master, but we can well exchange the passionate pathos of "Clammina" for a dozen broken-hearted "never met and never parted" agonies from one who cherished his

## Hard to Stay Great.

Forces in Nature Intended to Level Those Who Push Ahead of the Mass.

By brains, hard work, and self-denial a man reaches a position of wealth and greatness.

Light then, by a natural law, the contrary forces set to work to tear him down, to prevent his getting too far ahead of the regular evolutionary development.

Think it over and you will remember your own and your friends' experience.

When fortune's face begins to smile, misfortune's iron hand appears, for the man yields to some or many of the "tearing down" forces, anxiety, worry, whisky, tobacco, lust, coffee, etc., etc. Health begins to leave and the man is unable to hold his lofty position.

Only the grim, determined fellows, who recognize the devils that would rob and slay him, and who steadily and steadily refuse to allow them to work on him, are able to "stay great."

Is it worth while? You are your own master and judge. You can kill them or you can yield and they will down you.

A man says, "I can't quit."

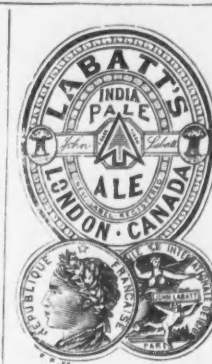
There is but one answer, "Get down then to the lower place that the big crowd of 'commons' occupy."

It is only the "masters" who can remain masters.

Coffee is one of the most dangerous slugs in the list, for it is yelled and seemingly harmless, but its mission is to weaken heart, kidneys, and digestion, then slowly follow weakness of purpose and inability, and the victim all unconscious of the reason, steps backward and downward from his hard-earned place among the great ones.

It is easy to shift the coffee habit by taking on Postum Food Coffee, a distinct and scientific "anti" for coffee. Postum (well-made) satisfies the coffee taste, and instead of breaking down the heart and nerve centers builds them up in a remarkable manner as the result of the action of the ingredients carefully and expertly selected from nature's store-house of sustaining and rebuilding food elements.

You can be great and stay great if you have sturdy determination and make use of the discoveries of modern science and research. Postum Food Coffee is made at the famous pure food factories of the Postum Co., at Battle Creek, Mich.



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mistresses at every opportunity. One does not disparage the magnificent song or the depth of Burns' feeling, but the heart that can be true through a lifetime has a nobler message for the young hearts of a new world. It may be objected that the sentiment of "Clammina" is as artificial as that of Burns' love-lyric, since Clammina did not really die and leave the poet, but this is not the point. All the poets are expected to interpret universal feeling, whether out of actual experience or by sympathy. In the edification of a young nation one might prefer to trust the interpretations of a McLachlan before those of a Burns.

It is the strong, bold, manly note of independence which is most characteristic of McLachlan's work, and if the "poetical corners" of our newspapers more frequently copied such verses as "Cowardice" (p. 35), "Acres of His Own" (201), "Old England is Eaten by Knaves" (219), "The Greenwood Shade" (223), "The Cringer Ruked" (362), "Traditions" (367), "Go Into Debt" (372), "Worth" (378), etc., the general taste would benefit. A man's deeds are the last test for McLachlan always, and his efforts are bent towards developing the capacity for good work in his fellows.

"Let their worth appear in deeds," he cries; "throw aside their castles and creeds, and make their standard noble deeds," and let every man have his opportunity. "Bring the Lands and Hands Together" (272).

A delightful element of dramatic humor appears in such poems as "Auld Towser" (116), "Neighbor John, who—has no visions, hears no voice."

To make his spirit start; The glory and the mystery.

Never settled on his heart" (202). In the Auld Hawke poems the humor is at its best and the self-complacency of Mistress McNab in the "Dream" (325) is admirably done. "Old Skin-dint's Dream" and "Poor Donkey" also exhibit this vein. His dramatic instinct appears in a different form in several narrative pieces, of which the "Indian Battle" is told with much spirit.

An attempt to demonstrate the orthodoxy of the poet has been made by the editors, but McLachlan is too eclectic a soul to be tied down to a creed. He voices the common aspirations of every devout heart, irrespective of belief and in spite of sect. In "Hope" (108), "Heaven" (135), "Awful Spirit" (165), and elsewhere, there are expressions of religious feeling which simply belong to humanity apart from place or period. His sympathy with Burns, the sinner, lifts him above the Phariseism of the age, as appears in his poem, "Robert Burns" (95). And elsewhere he says, "The pride of never having fa'en itself a dreidful fall."

Of the Scotch dialect verse I do not think any can compare with "I Winnae Gae Hame," for spontaneity and natural simple feeling. It bears a certain fragrance, too, as of Tennyson's great flower-lyric in "Maud," with a grace and tenderness suggestive of the Ettrick Shepherd at his best. The twenty lines from "Burns," on page 399, beginning, "O Doon! thou'd like nae fither stream," might stand as a perfect little lyric by itself.

There is a still deeper note than any of these which is never wholly absent from McLachlan's poetry, that of the nature mystic. It is the foundation of his independence and the warrant of his message, "Man" affirms his unity with all around him, and in the "Prologue" (122), the second part of "Infinite" (161-2), the third part of "Ahead of His Time" (355-6), the five stanzas of "The Poet to the Painter," on page 65, we have his recognition of the nature spirits and the nature inspiration. "Each mountain had a heart and soul" for him, as he says in "Donald Ban" (247). He sums up the practical creed of this worship in a line—"Fear God and help the soul in need" (204). A perusal of the various poems and passages referred to may, and certainly ought, to tempt the reader further, and overpassing the limitations of the present critic, he may largely add to these selections.

In the "Lines to a Beautiful Child" (38), which appear to me better worth preservation than any other single poem in the volume, may be found in brief a test of his sympathy with the heart and aspirations and the poetic gift of McLachlan.

A. E. S. S.

## Hard Lines For Princes.

When one looks at the rosy, healthy faces of the York babies one rejoices that in these days even Princes can be allowed to be reasonably happy. It used not to be so. The Duke of Montague, Governor to the four elder sons of George III., drew up the following routine for his Royal charges. It was found among his papers, and was headed, "Diet for the year 1772":

"For breakfast a basin two-thirds milk, one-third tea; moderately sweetened; and dry toast of 'Statute'

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bread, Dinner, soup, neither strong nor heavy; one sort of any plain meat without fat, clear gravy, and greens, of which they eat what they please; fish, if they please, but without butter, using shrimps strained from the sauce, or oil and vinegar; second course of fruit from the tart, without crust. Pease, or what simple thing they choose, but of one only. Dessert on Sundays and Thursdays, with ice, coffee, and one glass of wine of any sort they choose after dinner. Breakfast, half-past nine; dinner, from three to five; supper, half-past eight. Monday nights, no supper; and every alternate Monday to be bathing night. Dress: Six suits a year. New boots, spring and fall; new shoes each fortnight; new hats, as wanted, but always four—silver-looped, gold-looped, and two plain, besides the Arm hat."

## Insured Against Marriage.

"Why marry when you can get a good pension at the age of forty by remaining single?" is the enticing notice exhibited in Holland. The object of this company is to provide a pension for females who have been able to withstand, up to that time of life, the alluring offers of the opposite sex. Only young girls are admitted as members.

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The owner of an extensive bathing-machine business at a well-known resort last summer hit upon a novel insurance scheme. He had a large number of coupons printed and offered them to his customers at one penny each. The coupon entitled the purchaser's heir to the sum of \$10,000 should the holder of the ticket lose his life by drowning while using one of the proprietor's bathing-machines. The tickets were available for one day only.

## Lord Rosslyn as Editor.

Lord Rosslyn, who sent to the "Daily Mail" the good news about Pretoria, has in his life played many parts. The most diverting to his friends was when he edited "Scottish Life," in London. He used to go to Hyde Park immaculately clad, in the height of the season, each day about noon. Seated under a tree and smoking a succession of cigarettes in an exceptionally long jewelled holder, he would ostentatiously correct proofs. Each one he accurately laid down in rotation on the grass beneath four little stones, so that after half an hour he seemed surrounded by a small ocean of white proofs.

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## Music.

OUR universities have been bestowing many honorary musical degrees during the past few years, and people are beginning to inquire how it is that Mr. Torrington has been overlooked in the distribution of these distinctions. Mr. Torrington has practically spent the best part of his life in promoting the interests of music in Toronto, and if anybody in Canada deserves a recognition of his services by one of our universities, it is he. In the early days of the old Philharmonic Society Mr. Torrington showed great enterprise in producing new works. It is doubtful whether the musical public would have heard here the Redemption, Rose of Sharon, Fridolin, Spectre's Bride, and many other new works of the day, had it not been for him. It would be a graceful act at this period of Mr. Torrington's career in the University of Trinity College to award the honorary degree of Doctor of Music to him. Mr. Torrington has never given the matter a thought, and is quite content with the plain title of "Mr."

The first Handel festival took place in 1857, when Judas Macabees formed the entire programme for Selection day. The Queen and the Prince Consort, with three of their children, attended the performance, and according to a musical journal, "the proceedings concluded with the Old Hundredth Psalm, Her Majesty—at whose desire we believe it was given—and the whole audience standing while it was sung."

St. George's Hall was well filled on Thursday evening of last week on the occasion of a piano recital by pupils of Mr. W. E. Barclay, one of the young teachers of the city, who is rising to the front. The very interesting programme consisted of about twenty numbers, among which were found compositions by Liszt, Weber, Rubinstein and Chopin. The following pupils played: The Misses Helene Crossby, Edna McKee, Rose Bulger, Florence Raymer, Maggie Phillips, Lola Hamilton, Zora Sharpe, Josie Morrison, Augusta Bizard, Annie Mauser, Blanche O'Connor, Georgina Winiffrith, Mabel Benjamin, May B. O'Connor, Mabel Murphy, Florence Collins, Alice Dixon, and Messrs. Edgar A. Pickering and Robert McLean. The selection was rendered in a very conscientious manner, the pupils displaying excellence in their performance both of technique and interpretation which spoke well for the training which they are receiving.

It may often have been noticed that after a certain period of development along certain lines in arts and manufactures, there is sometimes a disposition to return to first principles. Development is often from the simple to the complex, and then back again to the simple. There is a very interesting article in "Music," in which one may find an illustration of this tendency. Mr. W. B. Mathews describes a new piano, the invention of Mr. Durkee, which is really a return to an original model and principle. Most people of acute musical sensibility complain of the metallic tone of our modern pianos, and attribute it to the use of the metal frame, now universal both in grands and uprights. Mr. Durkee's idea is to dispense with the metal frame. His piano is made entirely of wood, excepting of course the tuning pins, rivets, bolts, strings, etc., and a thin plate of aluminum covering the after part of the bridge, where the strings are fastened. Mr. Mathews says: "The iron plate has a great defect, which is, as yet, unovercome. When the instrument is new and the sounding board in fine order, the hammer just soft enough, the tone is clear, telling and musical; but just as soon as the hammers get hard, which they do very soon with playing, the tone begins to sound sharp, metallic, 'tin-panny,' as the girls say. Try any old piano you like, and in an old one of the very best makes it is even worse than with the poorer ones. I fancy the reason of this is that the vibrations of the metal tend to divide into the higher harmonics, and when the sounding board faithfully takes up all the vibrations you get these metallic flavors in the tone." Mr. Durkee makes his piano of wood. The ordinary piano, with its steel wire strings, pulling some tons, is supplied with a sounding board but little thicker than that of the ordinary violin. Mr. Durkee makes it of thick board and fastens the strings to the board itself, and not to a frame outside of it. The worst plank is supported against the end of the board, but the string is fastened to the board at the bridge itself, just as in the guitar. The only use of metal is to strengthen the after part of the bridge a little, by the thin plate of aluminum already mentioned, which, naturally, being behind the bridge, and not in tension or in any way pulled upon, does not enter into the vibration at all. The inventor declares that this instrument will support the tension of the strings and be less affected by the weather, and will preserve its tone longer than any piano made. In case the board should spring under the tension, which is guarded against by means of heavy ribs below, the tone will still remain unchanged. Mr. Leopold Godowsky, it seems, tested this piano in presence of Mr. Mathews and the musical and sympathetic qualities of the tone were greatly admired. Its carrying power is said to be great, and at a distance the absence of the usual metallic brilliancy is more noticeable than when the listener is close at hand. I trust that the instrument will prove a success—that is, that it will stand the test of time in regard to durability. The metallic tone of the modern piano is corrupting the public ear. It has often been remarked by Europeans on the occasion of their first visit to America that at first they found the tone of the average piano in the homes of the people intolerably metallic. It has to be explained that owing to climatic differences the American manufacturer commenced using iron more freely

than the European makers as far back as the seventies.

There is an instructive article on the state of music in Italy in a recent number of the "Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft," a monthly issued by Breitkopf and Haertel. The following facts are gathered from it:

Italy used to be considered the land of song and the natural conservatory of singers. To-day it seems to be, if anything, the land of brass bands. Every city and smaller town has its banda municipale. Rome has one consisting of eighty well drilled players. The conductor of this band, Signor Vessella, was the first to make the Roman public acquainted with the works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and Wagner. At first he was much abused for introducing this musica tedesca. The chauvinists, indeed, accused him of favoring German music when he played a selection from Verdi's Don Carlos. Now he is allowed without protest to play selections from Tristan, and Parsifal, if he chooses, and the public applauds. In the opera houses of Rome also Wagner has gained a foothold, notwithstanding that the performances are seldom adequate and often grotesque. But modern Italians are not spoiled children regarding operatic pleasures. In Rome, as elsewhere, the repertoire for a season lasting from December to Easter embraces only six to eight operas. Every opera, no matter how serious or tragic, is followed by a ballet. Some tolerably good orchestral concerts are given in Rome, but they owe their success chiefly to the engagement of great foreign singers, and the audiences are mostly made up of resident English and Germans. Scamatti's efforts have borne fruit, and the influence of Liszt, perhaps, is shown in the existence of a Bach choir. As for church music, Rome, with its 365 churches, has not only half a dozen good organs and not one well-trained church choir. The organists usually regale their congregation with operetta selections, and even with dance music and music-hall melodies. Musical criticism can hardly be said to exist in Italy. There are a few honest men among the critics, but most of them offer their opinions for sale to managers and artists.

The closing exercises of the Junior classes at the Toronto Junction College of Music took place Thursday night of last week in the auditorium of the High School before a large and delighted audience. Miss Macmillan showed, by different games, that wonderful results may be obtained with very young children. In sight reading, dividing music into time measures, etc., the children showed an accurate knowledge, while the piano playing proved what a proper system of technique for children may be made to accomplish. Some of the children brought a clear singing tone from the piano, and the violin playing of little Eliza Martin deserves special mention. There has been a marked increase in attendance at the Junction College during the past season, and the popularity of the institution is no doubt due to the excellent methods of instruction employed. It is understood that a number of additions will be made to the teaching staff in the fall.

A most enjoyable recital was given on Tuesday evening, June 19, in the theater of the Normal School by Miss Lillian B. Stickle, pupil of Mrs. A. B. Jury, and elocution pupils of Miss Belle Noonan. Miss Stickle possesses a fine soprano voice, and rendered the following numbers in an intelligent manner, showing careful training on the part of her teacher: Gounod's Flower Song, Lyn's Sweetheart, Chapman's This World I Do, Haydn's With Verdure Glad, from the Creation; Hawley's The Ring, Nevin's The Roseary, and Clay's She Wandered Down the Mountain Side. The pupils of Miss Noonan taking part were: Misses Lina Craine, Bessie Whately, Maud Smith, Nana Wright, Bessie Violet, Jennie Bassett, Jessie Dunlop, and Florence Galbraith.

Mr. Schuch's intermediate pupils gave a recital at the Normal School on Monday evening, and again demonstrated the excellence of that teacher's methods. Excellent tone production, expressive rendition, and refinement of style were the characteristic qualities of the young singers and performers. Many of them acquired themselves in a manner deserving of a higher classification than "intermediate," while all of them showed promise of still greater excellence in the future. Those taking part were: Miss Isabel Dickson, Belleville; Miss Ethel Endicott, Pilot Mound, Man.; Miss Marie McGuire, St. Catharines; Miss Claire Hangerford, Belleville; Mrs. Adele Sylvan, Ottawa; Miss Olga McAlpine, Vancouver, B.C.; Miss Amanda Reinhardt, Mr. W. R. Gibson and Mr. R. B. Love, Toronto.

The closing recital for this season of the elocutionary department of the Metropolitan School of Music took place at West Association Hall on Tuesday evening. Miss Lillian Burns, the principal of that department, evidently understands to a nicety the preparation of such events, as the programme was not only well chosen and attractive, but it was also so designed that each part seemed to exactly suit its person, and this is an important point. Readings were given by Miss Edna Young, Miss Emma L. Duff and Miss Ella Rogers. A score from "Romeo and Juliet" was given by the Misses Lily and Alice Long. A sketch—"Secrets of the Heart"—was admirably portrayed by the Misses Lottie Campton and Ruby Smith. A very beautiful pantomime, Genevieve Stebbins' adaptation of Goethe's "The Erl King," was most effective. Miss Ruby Smith recited the poem and the pantomime effects were given by other pupils, with Miss Abbie M. Heimer accompanying on the piano with Schubert's splendid musical setting of the subject. Miss Ruth Mackie gave a vivacious rendition of McCollum's "In Grandma's Chest." The leading feature, however, was the "Bower" scene from Tennison's "Becket," a

very finely finished performance of which was given by the Misses Ella Rogers, Wilhelmina Appleton, Emma L. Duff, and Alice and Lily Long. Members of Miss Burns' physical culture class of the Metropolitan School of Music, Miss Gwendolyn Roberts, pianist—pupil of Mr. W. O. Forsyth—gave Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice." Miss Madge Kennedy, pupil of Miss Bertha Rogers, sang Denza's "May Morning." Miss Violet Wadsworth, a piano pupil of Mr. Forsyth, gave Tschakowsky's "Chant sans Paroles," and Jaddassohn's Scherzo in F sharp major. Miss Ethel M. Strachan, a vocal pupil of Mr. W. Y. Archibald, sang Dudley Buck's "In May-time." Miss Violet Cole, a piano pupil of Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, played the Gounod-Liszt "Faust" waltz. The accompaniments for the vocal selections were very judiciously played by Mr. Peter C. Kennedy and Miss Frances Bower.

## Derby Winnings.

THE Prince of Wales has much reason to complain of the extravagance of his subjects which are circulated as to his gains whenever he wins a race, says an English authority. "Inasmuch as the Prince never bets heavily, it is hard that he should constantly be described as being so large a winner that any one accepting the trash as correct would regard His Royal Highness as a reckless plunger. About two months ago I contradicted the rignmarole romances about the Prince's winnings over the Grand National, but these were mild tales as compared with the wondrous inventions as to the sum 'netted' over the Derby, which I see is put at £60,000! Now, how in the sacred name of common sense could any one possibly have won any such sum over Diamond Jubilee, considering the price at which the colt stood in the betting after serious speculation on the race had commenced? I do not believe that the Prince of Wales 'netted' one-twentieth of the outrageous sum mentioned. One paragraph states that the Prince won £50,000, 'according to gossip at the clubs.' I should imagine that for 'clubs' one should read 'pubs,' where such fairy tales are more likely to be circulated and credited. It would now be practically impossible for any one to win a large stake over a Derby favorite, but an outsider can still be backed on the day of the race to win a large sum, and if Bonaparte had carried off the Derby, some £60,000 would have been 'netted' by his success, the colt being backed for all the money at Epsom."

A great deal of rubbish has appeared in print lately about the huge sums which have been won over the Derby in former years. I believe that the biggest winners really were Mr. Naylor in 1863 with Macaroni, and Mr. Sutton (afterwards Sir Richard) in 1866 with Lord Lyons. Mr. Chaplin's gains over Hermit in 1867 have always been exaggerated, but the statement that he did not get half the money is untrue. Every shilling was paid within a few weeks. Mr. Merry has been credited with about £70,000 over Thormanby in 1860, and with £50,000 over Doncaster in 1873. The Thormanby figure is right enough, but Mr. Merry won nothing over Doncaster. After the numbers were up he refused several offers of £5,000 to £100 about his horse. Sir Joseph Hawley's four Derbys brought him in about £160,000 altogether, but over Blue Gown he won next to nothing, as he had hedged all his money. It is untrue that Mr. Payne stood to win £100,000 over Pelt Mell in 1872. This was the total amount which the stable would have cleared. Mr. Payne's share being £20,000. Mr. Astley, the owner of the colt, would have been the largest winner, and Mr. Stirling Crawford next. Cremona beat Pelt Mell by a head, but Mr. Savile won a mere trifle, as he never had any opportunity of backing his horse at a reasonable price, and I believe his own money was not invested until after the numbers were up."

## Kansas City and Return.

On July 1st, 2nd and 3rd the Wabash Railroad Company will sell round trip tickets to Kansas City from Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, N.Y., and Detroit at the lowest first-class fare, good to return any time before July 9th. Passengers leaving via evening train reach Kansas City next evening at 8.30. Full particulars at Wabash office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto. J. A. Richardson, district passenger agent.

## The Lost Sense of Direction.

That civilized man has lost a sixth sense, which his remote and savage ancestors possessed, is the recently published theory of a French scientist named Reynaud. It is the sense of direction—the faculty which enables animals to find their way—and it is located, according to this authority, in the semi-circular canals of the inner ear. These are three little passages, found in man and other vertebrates, which are filled with a fluid called endolymph. Any injury done to their structure by accident or disease, as has been proved by many experiments, impairs the power. They have nothing whatever to do with hearing, but are "associated with equilibrium," and to "furnish images of movement and displacement in space."

Thanks to this organ, animals are able to retrace, with an accuracy that seems marvellous, routes over which they have once passed. The lost dog goes back invariably to the place where it last saw its master. The horse, in like manner, when the reins are loosed on its neck, finds its way to the stable with the constancy of the magnet needle, or the turning to the pole. A pigeon, carried by rail in a closed basket for hundreds of miles, and then liberated, will go back to the starting point, not by the shortest

path, but following the line of the railroad. The same swallows come every year to the same nests.

When the time for departure comes, migratory birds of the same species inhabiting the same region come together for the journey, and those which have already made the voyage take the lead, retracing the path by which they came a few months before. The young ones follow. In the same way migrations of fishes are accomplished, and knowledge of the routes invariably pursued by the finny schools is of very practical value to the fishermen. Cormorants and other fishing birds follow for months the track of the migratory fishes, and know how to get back to their homes when the fishing is over. Like the fish and the quadruped, the bird returns to the same point by the same route.

The animal, whether aquatic, aerial or terrestrial, according to Dr. Reynaud's theory, "carries the way back with it." Nor, in his opinion, is man without a remnant of this interesting sixth sense, which, he asserts, is found in a greater or less degree in many savages. But it is not properly to be regarded as a phase of intelligence, being most highly developed in those races which are lowest in the scale of humanity.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Playing in Better Luck.

Here is a queer true story about some umbrellas: A lady who keeps a summer boarding house at the seashore near Boston went down the other day to look the house over and find out what must be renewed. She found numerous umbrellas left by former boarders, and, tying them together, she took the bundle to Boston to have them repaired. She stopped in at Hovey's and laid the bundle on the floor at her feet at the counter. When she had made her purchase she forgot her umbrellas, and absent-mindedly picked up an umbrella lying on the counter, thinking it was hers, or not thinking at all, and started off.

Then the owner of the umbrella, a woman standing next her, seized her and said very sharply: "You have taken my umbrella!" Of course, she apologized, feeling much cut up about it, and went on, forgetting in her haste her own bundle of umbrellas. The next day, on her way to Cambridge, she went to Hovey's and readily recovered her lost package of umbrellas, which had been kept for her. On the way to Cambridge she noticed a woman eyeing her very closely. Presently this woman leaned forward and said to her, with elegant emphasis: "You seem to have been more fortunate to-day!"

It was the woman whose umbrella she had taken the day before.

Gentle spring had come. The young grass was growing by the roadside along which they strolled. Love fired the youth's breast.

"Ah! Miss Stiles—Edith!" he cried, suddenly. "I love you! I place my happiness in your hands!" "No, not! Not now!" she begged. "And why not now?" "Because I need both hands to manage my skirts."

And it was indeed true, for the road was muddy, as roads usually are in the spring.—Philadelphia "Press."

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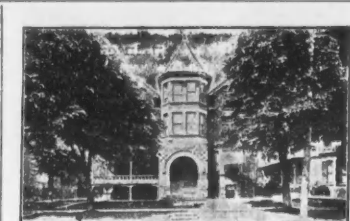
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## Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Ross are in town this week. Mrs. Ross is, I hear, to make a little visit, and this is good news to many loving friends of this dear lady.

Mrs. George Dickson received on Monday evening, at St. Margaret's College, and no better evidence of her influence and charm could be asked than a review of the guests who received her greeting. Little hint of a school closing, rather the grandeur of a smart evening in the swaggar set was observable, as by twos and threes or alone, elegantly gowned women and men in evening togs entered the reception room, passed the smiling hostess, with a greeting and a compliment, and betook themselves to the concert hall, where a clever lot of students were giving an excellent concert. After the programme was concluded, Mrs. Dickson's guests, many of whom had a very personal interest in the performers, were escorted to the lawns and served with dainty refreshments, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

On Monday and Tuesday evenings the closing exercises of the Presbyterian Ladies' College took place, the lecture-room of the Church of the Redeemer being used as a concert hall and prize distribution hall. The president and Mrs. McIntyre, the lady principal, have every reason to be proud of the young ladies of the college, who have done it so much credit. Mrs. McIntyre's fine and kindly face was full of interest in each performer. She looked very well the dignified and earnest principal, in a gown of white and black, the lace insertions of black over white being very prettily arranged. The students had a small reunion of a few intimate friends and the staff after the Tuesday evening exercises, in the handsome college parlors, with a dainty service of ice cream and cake.

A very pretty wedding took place on Tuesday evening, June 26th, in the picturesque little church of St. Anne's, when Miss Maude E. Trolley was united in marriage to Mr. Henry R. Platt. The bride wore a gown of ivory duchesse satin, on train, with deep flouncing of accordion pleated mousseline de sole, banded by a wide applique of rennaissance lace, corsage with lace bolero and bertha of chiffon and lace. The bride carried a shower bouquet of white roses and maiden hair fern, tied with satin ribbons. The veil was of white tulle, caught on the hair with orange blossoms. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Louise Trolley, in a quaint frock of white silk organdie, trimmed with lace frills and insertions, and carrying a bouquet of pink roses, tied with pink satin ribbons. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome gold watch and chain, and to the bridesmaid a sapphire and pearl cluster ring. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. W. E. Orr. The ushers were Mr. Robert Cluff, Mr. Chas. Sawdon and Mr. Geo. Taylor. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. McL. Ballard, in the presence of a large number of guests. The wedding left the church to the strains of the Wedding March and the pealing of the chimes. A reception was held at the residence of Mr. W. E. Orr, 59 Shannon street. The bride's going-away gown was of grey and white camel's hair, Eton coat, with white facings, Paris hat, of butter rennaissance lace, with rosettes of turquoise blue tulle. The happy couple left on a six weeks' tour west. The presents were many, among them being a sterling silver tea and coffee set, presented by the office staff of the Dominion Radiator Company, and a handsome cut glass berry bowl, with silver mountings, from a few of the groom's Masonic friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackstock returned from Europe on Sunday. Rev. Armstrong Black and his sweet wife have gone to Europe for a couple of months. Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Pieper of San Francisco are in town, the guests of Mrs. J. Wright of Glen road. Mr. Pieper goes to Europe immediately for some months. Mrs. Pieper and Fritz will visit friends and relatives during that time. Major Stimson has gone back to Halifax. Friends were glad to see Mrs. S. Alfred Jones at Mrs. Austin's garden party on Saturday. Mrs. Jones has been through a tedious and severe illness this spring. Mrs. Wilbur of New York is spending the summer with her mother, Mrs. J. D. King. Mr. and Mrs. James Grace have taken the Gzowski's house at Center Island. Mrs. James Robertson and Miss Robertson are going east for some time, and their Island home, "Oasis," is to be rented for the summer. Mrs. and Miss Gzowski are going abroad. Miss Gzowski has been quite an invalid for many months. Mr. George Blackstock is with his relatives in Homewood avenue. Dr. and Mrs. Albert Macdonald are spending the summer at Chudleigh.

## A Gratifying Report.

In another column is published a report of the proceedings of the twenty-eighth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Hamilton. Those who take the pains to peruse this very interesting report—and we are sure they will be many—will find in it abundant evidence of that general prosperity which the country has been enjoying, and which, in a very special measure, has been felt by the financial institution referred to. The increase in the Bank's capital and the ready way in which the new shares were taken up by existing shareholders, are gratifying facts mentioned in President Stuart's annual report, and speak well, not only for the future of the Bank of Hamilton, but for the strong sense of confidence which its past inspires in the business community. However, it could scarcely be otherwise, when the figures of recent years show, as they do, that the Bank of Hamilton is steadily moving forward with, as Mr. Stuart points out, "larger capital, larger reserve, larger deposits, larger business, and, best of all, larger profits."

THE historical novels, like "A Kent Squire" and "Richard Carvel," have their limitations, clear and sharp, and are easily placed. But it is not easy to classify such a story as

## THE REDEMPTION OF DAVID CORSON

the story that we predict will take up a larger place in the public mind than any since "David Harum." Perhaps we shall understand the scope, the strength and charm of this book the better if we contrast it with "David Grieve," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," or "The Damnation of Theron Ware."

Our age has grown weary of studies in pessimism and degeneration. It wants a David Corson, with clusters ripening on the tree of life, instead of a "Jude the Obscure," with the clusters rotting upon life's bough.

In short it is the story of the fall and rise of a man, but the character-painting of that man, the hero, is no less distinctively original and graphic than that of the quack doctor who dragged him down to the depths of infamy. This latter character is as vividly portrayed as he is disagreeable.

It is a story which comes from the heart and appeals to the heart; a story of influences, emotions and passions; a story of descent and of redemption, that is fascinating as a novel and instructive as a study. It deserves to be one of the popular successes, not only among those who buy and read novels for the story in them, but as well for those who seek to get out of such perusal something more than a dozen pleasant hours.

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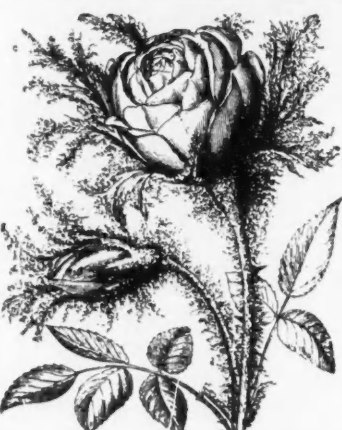
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2. Roman Law, Jurisprudence and History of English Law.

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Education Department, Toronto, June 9, 1900.

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Parry Sound, the most beautifully situated hotel in the north.

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The Hotel Brant, Burlington, Ont.,  
Erected this year at a cost of \$100,000, will positively open July 2, 1900. Public and private bath-rooms, roof-garden, high class vaudeville entertainments nightly, orchestra afternoon and evening concerts. Rates, daily, \$2.00 upwards, weekly, single, \$10 to \$21, double, \$18 to \$30. Descriptive booklet on application.  
WACHENHUSEN & BOGGS,  
Proprietors.

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Canada's Greatest Summer Resort

JULY, 2nd—Interesting Baseball Match—GRIMSBY vs. BEAMSVILLE

Brass Band in Attendance

AMERICA'S DAY, July 4th, at 8 p.m.

The first of a series of Grand Vocal and Instrumental Concerts, under the direction of Mr. HUGHAN TANDY, at which the following well known and popular artists will take part:

Mr. HUGHAN TANDY,  
Miss MAUD BRYCE, A.T.C.M.,  
Mr. F. HANCOCK MATTHEWS,  
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Miss LOUISE TANDY, A.T.C.M.

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IN EFFECT JUNE 23, 1900

Leaves Geddes Wharf (West Side Yonge St.) every Wednesday and Saturday at 10.45 a.m.

For Rochester, all Bay of Quinte Ports, Kingston, Gananoque, and Thousand Island Points.

Special Excursion every Monday, leaving Toronto at 9 p.m., to Rochester and return.

For tickets, folders and information apply to all C.P.R. and principal ticket offices, and at office on Wharf.

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Low rates to all points on Line going 30th June, returning up to July 3rd.

DOMINION DAY (July 2nd)

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—BY—  
Palace Steamer "TORONTO"

Finest and Fastest Steamer on Fresh Water.

Leaves Yonge Street Wharf 7.30 a.m., arrives Charlotte (Port of Rochester) 1.30 p.m., returning leaves Charlotte 3.30 p.m. The excursion of the season. Time to visit Rochester and see all the attractions of the Beach at Charlotte. Return fare \$2. Meals in the splendid dining-room at 50c. each. Tickets going 8 (Friday) 2.30 p.m., returning Sunday or Monday, \$2.50. Toronto Ticket Office, 2 King Street East.

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Binder Twine from the Central Farmers' of Canada, for their own use, in any quantity, from one bale to any number required, at the following prices per lb.:  
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The twine is well manufactured, every pound guaranteed of serviceable quality, and, if any prove faulty in use, on being returned money will be refunded.

"Extra Standard" is held only in small quantities, but "Farmers' Special," which will prove of special value to farmers using it, is in liberal supply.  
Orders addressed to "The Warden, Central Prison, Toronto," will receive prompt attention.  
JAMES NOXON,  
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Parliament Buildings,  
Toronto, June 14, 1900.

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This will be a discount of 25%, and will be operative only from 2nd July to September 10th (both days inclusive). Every member of our staff is a specialist, from the hair-dresser to the finisher, in his department, and the reduction in prices now announced places at the disposal of patrons of our studio the services of this highly trained staff in the production of the finest products of the camera at prices usually charged for very inferior work. This has been our most successful year and we wish to maintain the increase during the summer months.

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If you want a distinctly Artistic Piano, possessing rare singing quality and a delightful touch, you will purchase an improved Nordheimer Piano.

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## PIANOS

No piano measures up in tone quality to those bearing the name of this house.

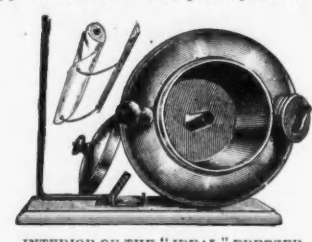
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In three minutes there was ice cream so hard that the spoon could be with difficulty inserted. Another test was made, and the same results were obtained in two minutes. The travellers naturally became enthusiastic. They started out on Monday morning, and by Wednesday orders had been secured for every freezer in the firm's first shipment, and it was necessary to request the manufacturers to forward another lot.

The interior and exterior views of the freezer are shown in the accompanying cuts.

The "Ideal" ice cream freezer differs from all others in that it is a new application of the old principle of freezing.



The design is different in many ways. The board base on which it stands holds the freezer stationary by fastening to the table with a clamp. The freezer is so constructed that the can and tub are securely fastened together, preventing the possibility of salt water getting into the cream can. It requires four minutes to fill the ice compartment through a screw-cap opening. It is made absolutely water-tight by replacing the screw-cap.

The shaft on which the freezer revolves holds it in an upright position. When freezing, it is inclined at an angle of about 45 degrees. The scraper keeps the freezing surface of the can free, thereby producing fine, smooth ice cream or loes.

The tub is made of indurated fibre, handsomely finished in mahogany color. It is the best non-conductor of heat or cold known, consequently the tub can be made much lighter than the porous, cumbersome wooden affair in general use, and yet help to freeze the cream more rapidly. Heavy drawn steel plate, retinned, is used in the manufacture of the breast, can, dasher and all metal parts, to insure the greatest service and durability.

The "Ideal" will freeze any quantity, from one pint up to the capacity of the freezer, with equal perfection, and repeat as often as necessary to serve a reasonable number of people, without renewing ice or salt.

## BANK OF HAMILTON

Twenty-Eighth Annual Meeting Held Recently.

Year of Marked Progress in the Bank's History.

President Stuart Makes Some Very Interesting Comparisons, Showing Remarkable Expansion of Business in Every Line.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Hamilton was held on Monday, 18th inst. Mr. John Stuart took the chair, and Mr. J. Turnbull acted as secretary.

The President, Mr. Stuart, submitted the annual report, which was as follows: The Directors beg to submit their annual report to the shareholders for the year ending 31st May, 1900:

The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 31st May, 1899, was \$11,019 17. The profits for the year ended 31st May, 1900, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are \$25,181 23. The premium received on new stock being at the rate of 60 per cent, on \$25,212, the amount paid in to date is \$134,119 92.

From which have been declared: Dividend 1 per cent, paid 1st December, 1899, \$5,919 92. Dividend 4 per cent, payable 1st June, 1900, \$6,839 99. Carried to Reserve Fund from Profits, \$100,000 00. Carried to Reserve Fund from Premium on new stock, \$134,119 92. Carried to Reserve Fund from Current Bills Discounted, \$5,000 00. Written off Bank Premises account, \$5,000 00.

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward, \$12,422 99. It became evident to the Directors that, to keep pace with the expansion of business and the demand for circulation, it would be necessary to increase the capital stock of the bank.

Authority was given at a special meeting for an increase from \$1,500,000 to \$2,000,000, and after the approval of the Board of Directors, a resolution was passed that a premium of 60 per cent, which were duly allotted to existing shareholders and

practically the whole taken up. A large proportion has already been paid, as the accounts show.

JOHN STUART,  
Hamilton, 8th June, 1900. President.

## GENERAL STATEMENT.

Liabilities.—To the Public.—

Notes in the Bank in circulation, \$1,393,686 00. Deposits bearing interest, \$7,453,514 54. Deposits not bearing interest, \$2,476,804 78. Amount reserved for interest due depositors, \$8,262 28. \$10,919,581 60.

Balances due to other banks in Canada and the United States, \$31 94.

Balances due to agents of the Bank in Great Britain, \$369,815 51.

Dividend No. 55, payable 1st June, 1900, \$6,839 99.

Former Dividends unpaid, \$6,865 84.

Notes of and Cheques, \$11,837,592 89.

—To the Shareholders.—Capital Stock paid up (average of the year, \$1,547,000), \$1,708,212 00.

Reserve Fund, \$1,234,119 92.

Amount Reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted, \$4,000 00.

Balance of profits carried forward, \$12,422 99.

\$14,827,357 80.

Gold and Silver Coin, \$238,575 14.

Dominion Government Notes, \$707,515 00.

Debt due to the Dominion Government as Security for Note Circulation, \$70,000 00.

Notes of and Cheques on other banks, \$270,400 40.

Balances due from other banks in Canada and the United States, \$420,540 91.

Canadian and British Government and other Public Securities, \$1,012,348 05.

Loans at Call, or short Call, on negotiable Securities, \$1,390,109 93.

Notes Discounted and Advances current, \$10,194,122 49.

Notes Discounted, etc., overdue (estimated loss provided for), \$1,421 75.

Bank Premises, Office Furniture, Safes, etc., \$403,797 08.

Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), mortgages, etc., \$35,866 79.

Other assets not included under foregoing heads, \$43,657 17.

\$14,827,357 80.

J. TURNBULL, Cashier.

Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton, May 31st, 1900.

In moving its adoption, Mr. Stuart said:

Fellow Shareholders and Gentlemen,—I have pleasure indeed in laying before you this annual report, probably the best in the history of the bank, and there have been many good reports. The present is an exceptionally good one, and you will see that the figures are growing still—larger capital, larger reserve, larger deposits, larger business, and, best of all, larger profits. It is customary for some banks to print side by side with the annual statement, the figures of the previous year. I have jotted them down here, and believe you will find them interesting.

Mr. Stuart mentioned various items of increase in detail, and then proceeded to refer to the circumstances under which the increase of stock was made. It was not anticipated at the last annual meeting that that step would be required, but there was a very general increase of business throughout the country, and before the year had advanced very far it became necessary to consider the question of making an increase, and to ask the shareholders to sanction it. This was done, and the new stock was apportioned to the shareholders in proportion to their holdings. It was taken up by nearly all the shareholders, and had been nearly all paid up. At the present time half the increase authorized has been issued, and at a future time, as circumstances may demand, there will be another issue, making the total paid-up capital \$2,000,000. I have here a statement of the bank's business prepared by Mr. Turnbull. It shows that, year by year, since the bank was established, a steady progress has been made, especially during the past five years. Since 1890 the deposits have grown from \$3,550,000 to \$10,000,000 or almost three times as much, and since 1895 from \$5,500,000, or nearly double in that time. The percentage of earnings has kept pace with the other increases, which is a fact that is not always apparent at first sight, but it is a fact that follows that in proportion to the increase of capital the earnings also increase.

Mr. A. G. Ramsay seconded Mr. Stuart's motion to adopt the report, saying: "The report presented is so favorable and satisfactory that nothing need be added beyond what Mr. Stuart has said. I am sure you will be glad to receive such a report, and it is a great pleasure to me to have the opportunity to second its adoption."

The motion carried. The usual vote of thanks to President and Directors was moved by Mr. William Hendrie, seconded by Mr. F. W. Gates, and carried.

That to the officers of the bank was moved by Mr. Samuel Barker, seconded by Mr. John A. Bruce, and carried.

For the election of Directors for the current year Messrs. F. H. Lamb and E. S. Morris were nominated. They reported the re-election of the previous Board, as follows: Messrs. John Stuart, A. G. Ramsay, John Proctor, George R. A. Wood, M. P. A. B. T. and W. H. Gibson, M. P.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board Mr. John Stuart was re-elected President and Mr. A. G. Ramsay Vice-President.

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

Births.

Solomon—June 23, Mrs. F. P. Solomon, a daughter. Macdonald—June 19, Mrs. G. C. Macdonald, a daughter. Brown—June 21, Mrs. Fred C. W. Brown, a son.

Beard—June 25, Mrs. Wm. Beard, a son. Wilson—June 24, Mrs. E. Wilson, a son. Ritchie—June 20, Mrs. Hugh Ritchie, a son.

Burgess—June 25, Mrs. A. E. Burgess, a son. Russell—June 19, Mrs. John W. Russell, a daughter.

Marriages.

Thorley—Wells—On Monday, 18th June, 1900, at Christ Church, Vancouver, B.C., by Rev. L. Norm. Tucker, Albert Edward Thorley, youngest son of the late C. J. Thorley, of Toronto, to Kathleen Wells, eldest daughter of Mr. R. Wells, of Aurora, Ont.

Kenney—Burkholder—At 54 Bellevue place, on Wednesday, June 27, by Rev. Dr. German, C. LeRoy Kenney to



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with the added satisfaction of being money in pocket at the end of the season?

OXFORD burners have a special patented construction that makes them extra economical with gas, so that the season's expense will be less than if using any other fuel.

Why not appropriate the convenience, economy and satisfaction they offer?

Many sizes and styles—all moderate in cost—sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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Berta Burkholder, both of Toronto. Smith—Devlin—June 26, Wm. Henry Smith to Grace Maud Davison. Zryd—June 26, Gus Zryd to Pattie Line. Peacock—Ruthven—June 23, D. A. Peacock to May Ruthven. Bolender—June 22, Adam H. Bolender to Margaret. Carwright—June 27, Alexander Hobbs Carwright to Ada Elizabeth Seymour Hart. Cox—June 27, Henry Gordon Cox to Catherine Elizabeth Jones. Helliwell—June 27, John Frederick Helliwell of Vancouver, B.C., to Rowena Elizabeth Helliwell. Short—June 27, Wm. Bailey Short to Edna J. Cowie Philip. Vanwinckel—June 27, Winford H. Vanwinckel to Sarah A. Faircloth. Wilkinson—June 27, Dr. John E. Wilkinson to Millie Stephens. Stanley—June 13, John Stanley to Clara Farewell. Doucet—June 20, David J. Doucet of Beaverton to Agnes O'Connell. Player—June 20, Wm. Percival Player to Lillian Leonora Moore. Craig—June 20, W. J. Craig to Violet Louise Henry Tattersall. Paffard—June 21, Arthur H. Paffard to Agnes C. McIntyre. Green—June 20, Robert Green to Maggie C. Phenix. Chewell—June 9, Vancouver, B.C., Jas. H. Chewell, C.E., of Toronto, to Alice Isabella Ward. Berry—June 20, Titus Berry of Beaverton, Que., to Beatrice Mary Coulthard. Mills—June 20, Fred W. Mills of Hamilton to Euphemia Summers. Easton—June 6, Interlaken, Switzerland, Frank Edward Easton of London, Eng., to Alice Muriel Howland. Arthur—June 20, Robert M. Arthur to Mary A. Farrell. Davidson—June 20, Wm. J. Davidson to Daisy McLeod Sutherland. Barker—June 26, Herbert W. Barker to Gertrude Lewis. Campbell—June 27, Malcolm Campbell to Rebecca Hozack.

## Deaths.

Fleming—June 27, Mrs. Mary Ann Fleming, aged 79. Wilson—June 26, Robert A. Wilson of Waukegan, aged 37. Cundall—June 25, Mrs. Benjamin Pettincker Cundall, aged 78. Saunders—June 24, Wm. Blair Saunders, aged 76. Davidson—June 22, Mrs. Wm. J. Davidson, aged 23. Hallam—June 21, John Hallam. Stobbs—June 21, Mrs. Thos. Stobbs. Thompson—June 22, Eliza Thompson, aged 85. Carscadden—June 21, Mrs. John Carscadden, aged 50. Lewers—June 20, Mrs. R. S. Lewers. Ridsdale—June 20, Agnes Maud Ridsdale, aged 7. Ford—June 21, George Edward Ford, aged 68. Johnson—June 21, Samuel Johnson, aged 65.

## SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Pier in the Lower Division of the Harbor of Montreal," will be received at this office until Friday the 20th day of July, 1900, for the construction of a high level pier and bulkheads in the Lower Division of the Harbor of Montreal, Que.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this Department and at the offices of Henry A. Gray, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto; G. Desjardins, Esq., Clerk of Works, Postoffice Building, Quebec; E. J. P. Shown, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N.B., and C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N.S.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, J. O. R. ROY, Acting Secretary.

Department of Public Works of Canada, Ottawa, June 20th, 1900.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

Cobourg Old Boys are making great preparations for their excursion on August 6th. The British Canadian Band has been engaged to furnish first-class music. This will be one of the best trips on the Civic Holiday. Tickets are only \$1.20.